Poems
of
DR. JOHN GILCHRIST

Professor of Hindustani (Urdu)
in the College of
Fort William, Calcutta.

Edited with Introduction
By

DR. EBADAT BRELVI, M.A., Ph.D.,
Professor of Urdu Literature,
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Principal,
University Oriental College, Lahore.

UNIVERSITY ORIENTAL COLLEGE
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DR. JOHN GILCHRIST

Introduction

Dr. John Brothwick Gilchrist was born in Edinburgh in 1759. He was educated at George Heriot's Hospital and qualified to be a Physician by Profession. It has been mentioned in the Dictionary of National Biography that "having studied for the Medical Profession and obtained the appoinment of Assistant Surgeon in the East India Company's Service on 3 April 1783, he went out to Calcutta." He was promoted to a Surgency on 21st October 1794. (Dodwell and Miles, Medical Officers of Indian Army, pp. 22, 23)[1]

It is not correct that after completing his studies in Medicine he was employed in England as an Assistant Surgeon by the East India Company. In fact he came to India privately at his own expense and landed at Bombay in 1782. Various documents in the National Archives of India, confirm that Dr. Gilchrist first came to India and was appointed as Assistant Surgeon in November 1783. Colonel Morgen, Commander of the Madras Army stationed in Bengal, recommended his appointment to the Governor - General Warren Hastings in a letter on 26th January 1783.[3]

Dr. Gilchrist served as Assistant Surgeon but at the same time started taking interest in local languages, particularlly Urdu language which was commonly spoken in Northern India. This interest in the language urged him to work on various aspects of Urdu and in a short period he was able to produce a Dictionary and a Grammar. First part of this Dictionary was published in 1786 and the Grammar came out of the press in 1798. In 1798 he also published 'The Oriental Linguist' which is in fact an introductlon to the Indian Languages.

These publications made him a renowned Linguist and throughout India he was regarded as an expert in the subject. He also founded a School for teaching Indian languages known as "Oriental Seminary"

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1. Dictionary of National Biography, Vol. XXI.
2. Dodwell and Miles: Medical Officers of Indian Army.
3. M. Atiq Siddiqui: Gilchrist Aur US Ka Ahd, p. 64.

where officers of East India Company were given instructions in Indian Languages. He worked there successfully for 1½ years. The G. G. Lord Wellesly admired his services" to Hindustani (Urdu) language. This "Oriental Seminary", however, was closed on 10th of July 1800 and Lord Wellesley founded a full-fledged Institution known as the College of Fort William at Calcutta. Lord Wellesley wrote in one of his letters about this College.

> "The G. G. considered the College at Fort William to be the most becoming public monument which the East India Company could raise to commemorate the conquest of Mysore. He has accordingly dated the law for the formation of the College on the 4th May 1800, the first anniversary of the reduction of Serangapatam."[1]

Dr. Gilchrist was appointed first Professor of Hindustani in the College of Fort William on the 29th September 1800 and worked in this position until 1804.

During this period of four years he started work on various projects concerning Hindustani (Urdu) language. He was an ambitious man and spent large amount of money on publications which was not liked and approved by the Authorities. According to Ranken "Gilchrist had submitted a statement showing that the expense of compiling and printing Books for 1802, Hindustani alone, was Rs. 63,000. So the differences between Gilchrist and the College Council began and as a disgusted man he had to resign his post in 1804. His resignation was accepted. However, the work he had done in the field of Hindustani (Urdu) language was very much appreciated and this apprecation was put on record.

He left for England the same year, spent few years in Scotland but ultimately came to London in 1816 and founded a College of Hindustani Language in Leicester Square which remained alive until 1825. Although the East India Company closed this Institution after some time but Dr. Gilchrist continued his teaching of

1. Letters of Marquess Wellesley respecting the College of Fort William, No. 43.
2. Ranken : Fort William, College, p. 52.

Hindustani language privately. During this period he was not keeping good health. So he handed over this private Institution to Dr. Duncan Forbes, a renowned Scholar of Urdu and left for Scotland and settled down in Edinburgh. But his health deteriorated and, therefore, he had to go to France for treatment, stayed there for sometime but could not recover and died in Paris on 9th January 1841.

The following are the well-known published works of Dr. Gilchrist :

1. Dictionary, (English and Hindoostani : 2 volumes) (Calcutta, 1787).
2. A Grammar of the Hindustani Language, Calcutta, 1796.
3. The Oriental Linguist.
4. The Anti-Jargonist.
5. A New Theory and prospects of Persian Verbs.
6. Hindee Exercises.
7. The Stranger East India Guide to the Hindoostani, or Grand popular Language of India : (London, 1820).
8. The Hindoostani Directory or Students' Introductor.
9. The Hindi Principles.
10. The Hindoostani Manual or Casket of India (Calcutta, 1802).
11. The Oriental Fabulist : Calcutta, 1803.
12. Moral Preceptor.
13. The Hindi Arabic Mirror.
14. The Hindi Roman Ortheopical Ultimatum.
15. The British Indian Monitor : Edinburgh, 1808.
16. The Oriental Green Bag.

This list of books produced by Dr. Gilchrist shows that he was interested in various aspects of the Hindustani language and throughout his life he remained busy with this work. He was so much self-

centered in this respect that he always thought that he is the only competent person to undertake this work, and to a great extent it was true. His interest in the subjects reflects in the details he gives on the front pages of his books. They are interesting in understanding the personality of Dr. Gilchrist. Some of them are, therefore, reproduced here.

(1)

The British Indian Monitor.
Anti-Jargonist, or the Strangers' Guide.
Oriental Linguist,
and various other works
Compressed into series of portable Volumes
on the Hindustani Language
improperly called Moors
with
Considerable Information
respecting
Eastern Tongues, Manners, Customs etc.,
by the Author of
Hindoostani Philology
Volume II
Edinburgh, 1808

(2)

Hindoostani Philology
Comprising
A Dictionary
English and Hindoostani
with a
Grammatical Introduction

To which is prefixed a Copper Plate exhibiting a comparative view of the Roman and Oriental Characters in the Hindoostani Language.

Vol, I

By John Borthwick Gilchrist
London
Reprinted from the Edition of 1810
for Kingsbury, Parbury, Allen, Leadenhall Street,
1825

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(3)

Oriental Green Bag,

or a Complete sketch of Edwards Alter in the Royal Exchange, Containing a full account of the Battle with the Books, between a Belle and a Dragon, by a radical admirer of the Great Sir William Jones's Civil, religious and Politîcal Creed, against whom informations have recently been lodged for Treasonable offence and heinous crime, of deep rooted hostility and despotism, in every shape and form on the sacred oath of peeping Tom at Coventry,
London : Printed and sold by the
Author J. B. Gilchrist, No. 48, Duke Street, St. James's Square, 1820. Price Half a Crown.

Dr. John Gilchrist was an eminent Orientalist of nineteeth century. Although he was a physician by profession, he was so much interested in India and Indo-Muslim Culture that during his stay here he showed keen interest in Indian languages, particularly the Urdu language, which was spoken by the majority of Muslims and Hindus in the Sub-continent. This language in those days was called Hindustani by the British, Urdu or Urdu-i-Mualla by the Muslims and Hindi by the Hindus. As has been stated Dr. Gilchrist

took keen interest in this language, started work on its various aspects and became well-known as an expert and a specialist in the subject.

It was because of his reputation as an expert in this field that when Fort William College was established at Calcutta in 1800, he was appointed first Professor of Hindustani (Urdu). This distinguished position accelerated the work he had already started on Urdu language, and he settled down to work according to his plans as a very ambitious man, and in a short period of time he established his position as a distinguished Professor, a well-known Scholar, an eminent linguist, a renowned man of letters and a great patron of Urdu language and literature.

During his stay in the College of Fort William as Professor of Hindustani (Urdu), he organised teaching of Urdu language for British Officers and invited some renowned writers of Urdu to work in his Department as Munshis to prepare reading material for the students. They worked under the guidance of Dr. Gilchrist and produced works in Urdu prose of such a high standard that they became a valuable part of the tradition of literary prose in Urdu. Mir Amman, Syed Haider Bakhsh, Mir Bahadur Ali Husaini, Mazhar Ali Khan Wila & Hafizuddin Ahmad are the prose writers who worked under the guidance of Dr. Gilchrist, and the prose works they produced in Urdu, became well-known and were regarded as a landmark in the tradition of Urdu prose.

Dr. Gilchrist himself worked on Urdu language and produced some very good works on Grammar, Linguistics & Philology. These works were published in early Nineteenth century but they are still useful for the students aud scholars of Urdu language and literature. They have a distinguished place in the field of Linguistics and confirm that Dr. Gilchrist was a great Scholar devoted to the Study of Urdu language and literature. In this respect he holds a unique position as a Scholar of Urdu in the tradition established by the orientalists.

Dr. Gilchrist was not only a grammarian and a Lexicographer but a Scholar of very high calibre having a literary bent of mind, and a high refined taste of poetry and literature. Nobody knows that he was a poet of sufficient literary merit. In his early life, before he came to India, he wrote poems in English on "Various Subjects", as early as 1780, when he was hardly 20 years old. He collected these poems but they remained unpublished, perhaps because of Dr. Gilchrist's preoccupation with his academic work in the field of Linguistics and Philology. The Manuscript of these poems, however, survived and I have the honour of discovering this rare piece of literature during my stay in London as Visiting Lecturer in Urdu at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London.

After the death of Dr. Gilchrist his published and unpublished papers were transferred to Gilchrist Trust in London, an Organisation which was founded for the purpose of awarding educational Scholarships to the students. This Trust, along with other Gilchrist papers, transferred the manuscript of his poems to the Library of the School of Oriental & African Studies, University of London. But nobody cared to see this valuable manuscript, which not only contains rare material on thc early life of Dr. Gilchrist. but which has its own literary and poetic value.

My stay in London as Visiting Lecturer in Urdu at the School of Oriental and African Studies in this respect was very fruitful. Along with a number of rare Urdu manuscripts I discovered this valuable manuscript, and it was a great joy of my life when I came to know that Dr. Gilchrist was not only a linguist, a grammarian, a lexicographer, but also a poet of sufficient merit. When I saw this manuscript of his poems I felt I have found a valuable treasure because the peoms were written in Dr. Gilchrist's own hand. I read these poems and was very much impressed by their literary and poetic value and also by the new light they threw on the early life of Dr. John Gilchrist.

His poems reflect his nobility of character and his human approach to life and endear his personality to the reader. His poetical compositions show that he was inspired as a youth by the national lyric movement of the eighteenth century in Scotland. He has given expression to his patriotism and his love for his homeland in his pastorals and in his poems describing sea voyages. He borrows his poetic expressions and his images from the lore and the landscape of the Highlands and sings about "the harvest that waves in the breeze and the music that fleets on the gale".

I, therefore, decided to publish these poems in such a manner that the correct text is produced and the specimen of the handwriting of this great man-of-letters is also preserved for ever. My friend and colleague Professor S. V. H. Abedi, Ex-Associate Professor of Spoken Iranian in the University of the Punjab at Oriental College, Lahore and at present Research Officer in the Department of Literary History of the University of the Punjab, helped me a great deal in correcting the text and also in producing the book in this form, which is not only beautiful but useful. I must thank Professor Abedi for his valuable assistance. I must also thank Professor J. D. Pearson, sometimes Librarian of the School of Oriental & African Studies and now Professor of Bibliography in the University of London and Mr. Bloomfield, Deputy Librarian (now Librarian) of the S O A S for their help in the discovery of this valuable manuscript. I must also thank my friends snd colleagues in the Department of India, Pakistan & Ceylon, S O A S, particularly Professor J. C. Wright, Professor of Sanskrit in the University of London and Head of the Department of India, Pakistan and Ceylon and Mr. Ralph Russell, Reader in Urdu in the University of London for their advice and help in completing this work.

I hope that these unpublished poems of Dr. John Gilchrist, being a new discovery in the world of Literature, will be of interest not only to the scholars of Urdu but also for the students of English Language and Literature.

Oriental College,
University of the Punjab,
Lahore (Pakistan).

Dr. Ebadat Brelvi

Books for further reading :

1. Claudius Buchanan : The College of Fort William in Benga l, Cadell & Davis Strand, London, 1805.
2. Thomas Roebuck : Annals of the College of Fort William, Calcutta, 1803.
3. Ranken : Fort William College (India Office Library, London).
4. Letters of Marquess Wellesley respecting the College of Fort William, London, J. Hatchard Piccadely.
5. Robert Rowere : Memories and Correspondence of the Most Noble Marquess Richard Wellesley (3 Vols.), London, 1812.
6. Gilchrist : National Archives of India.
7. Dictionary of National Biography.
8. Proceedings of the College of Fort William, National Archives of India.
9. T. Graham Bailey : History of Urdu Literature, London.
10. Dr. R. B. Saksena : A History of Urdu Literature, Lucknow.
11. Dr. V S. Varshnay : Fort William College. (in Hindi)
12. Syed Muhammad : Arbab-i-Nasr-i-Urdu.
13. Dr. Zore : Urdu Ke Asalib-i-Bayan.
14. Hamid Hasan Qadiri : Dastan-i-Tarikh-i-Urdu
15. Muhammad Atiq Siddiqui: Gilchrist Aur us ka Ahd.

Poems
of
DR. JOHN GILCHRIST

Poems

On various subjects, begun August 23, 1780.

by

John Gilchrist. St. Medic.

Forgive the errors of an humble pen,
As yet untutor'd how to tune the lyre,
Lowly my strain, even like the little wren
The least, The lowest of the singing choir —

Poem.
1st

Inserted in the General
Advertiser.

Wrote in the Island of Grenada on the unexpected Death of a Friend; & sent to Scotland in a letter to his Relations. in Tweedale. 20th Decr 1778

2 Ye Shepherds, who chearfully tend, 2
Those lambkins, which graze on the mead:
Ye Swains who contentedly spend,
Your days nigh the banks of the Tweed.
Poor William! who lately set sail,
And bade you farewell on the shore,
Came here with a prosperous gale,
But ah! you will see him no more.
Blown down like an Oak by the wind,
Untimely Death blasted the swain;
Leaving you & poor Jeany behind,
Of fate & your loss to complain.

3 Your pipes, and your reeds, now lay by.
Nor with the gay lark chear the day;
Assist me to mourn, & to cry,
Or teach me what friendship should say
5 ~~[illegible]~~ Generous, good naturd, and true
To his lass, to his friends ever kind:
For honesty equalld by few,
In feeling no man, more refind.
Yon willows for William will sigh
The river roll murmring, to tell
The Swains on its banks to draw nigh,
And witness the fatal farewell.

7 His death the sweet linnets will mourn,
With murmurs reecho each grove,
While Jeany laments, by the burn,
The absence and fate of her love.
8 Take warning by him all ye swains,
Who happily may live at home,
By sowing and reaping your plains,
Nor wander, nor carelessly roam.
9 With fair Tweeda's fields be content,
Dont venture to cross the wide main,
If you do - you yet may repent.
As many return not again.

5 With diamonds, our rocks are not crown'd,
Nor with gold are the sands cover'd o'er.
But fatal diseases abound,
Diseases you knew not before.
Adieu, tho far over the sea;
These lines, I now waft from my reed:
You'll find it much better to be,
Where you are, near Berwick on Tweed.

Poem. 2d

Inserted in the General Advertiser. & wrote on hearing a Young Man, complain of being slighted by his Mistress, 28th May 1780

Damons complaint & resolution.

6 Thus Damon! told James his mind.
Too long, I have courted in vain;
For Anna hath proved unkind,
And treats me with cruel disdain.
From hence forth I'll search after truth,
With Cupid, have no more to do,
Give way; Ye false pleasures of Youth,
To Science; far better than you.
Farewell to the doubts, to the fears.
which ever are caus'd by the Fair;
Lo Knowledge! tho' distant appears,
To reward my attention & care.

7 When Phoebus first gilds the green mead
And Gold finches warble thier lays
Reclin'd on the turf, let me read,
Or muse on what Corydons says.
The Lover may mourn by the Brook,
Let Jeany her Jockey despise,
Content with my friend & my book.
I'll laughs as the sad lover sighs.
Such notes I will sing to the breeze,
And chearful forget my late pain;
The lasses may slight whom they please
But me they shall not slight again.

8 To Edens fair daughters adieu;
Thier beauty commanded my love;
Say - what could a poor fellow do,
When scorn'd - why set sail & remove.

Poem 3d. Inserted in the
General Advertiser & wrote on finding a Gold
finch shot near the foot of a willow tree. 26 July 1779
Sweet May with kindly warmth had cheer'd y. day
And winters snows were fled from each green hill
The face of nature all around was gay;
The Zephyrs whisper'd. every leaf was still.

Each stately steed con[2]fes'd his growing flame,
and cooing doves began to tell their tale;
In nest secure lay many a featherd dame,
while every lover strived to prevail.
Along the banks of a[3] sweet rolling stream;
One morn I strayd pleas'd with the tuneful sound
of airy warblers, by Auroras beam
Rous'd up to sing thier matin songs around.
A pair more blythsome tha[4]n the rest appeard.
From spray to spray they hop'd & tunefull sung;
Amid a willow green each other cheard,
and thus the hardy mate his song begun.

10 When winter comes I'll[5] thee protect my fair,
with carefull bill then pick the scatterd seed.
To treat thee with, my only dearest care,
Tho' for the stealths thy constant heart should bleed
Now Summer months[6] proclaim the joys of love,
Our little pledges soon will dare the sky,
Be kind my dame, blest by the powers above,
When plenty flows around; can you deny?
Compliant she his[7] fond embrace receiv'd.
In sweet enjoyment, they the moments drown'd,
A generous flame, an equal passion heav'd
In either breasts, both felt the pleasing wound.

11 My love he sung, I'll over to yonder fields,
While you explore the silent shady wood;
Then both bring home what natures bounty yields
To fill the mouths of these our callow brood.
A task so fond she said who can decline!
But oh! my troubled heart forbodes no good,
Last night when slumbers clos'd your eyes & mine
I dreamt of You & our poor callow brood.
You seem'd to hover o'er the grassy plain,
And unperceiv'd, a hawk with talons rude,
Snatcht you away, this done; return'd again
To kill, devour our helpless callow brood

12 Such fears are vain he cry'd, away they flew,
A pair more happy surely never woo'd
Methought and nigh the bushy willow drew
To guard till they came back, their callow brood
A Thundering sound re-echoed from each hill
A hollow murmur roll'd along the flood,
A voice descending, faint, tho' sweetly shrill
Sung — fare you well my hungry callow brood.
The little Songstress fell dead on the ground,
While not far off the savage fowler stood;
His heart unfeeling wept not for the wound
That snatch'd a mother from her callow brood.

13 Rous'd with the [14] roaring sound the gay'ded mate
Flew swiftly thro' the air in fearful mood.
Look'd here & there. then sung his love strain'd tale
Perch'd on the nest & fed his callow brood.
Doubtful. the green [15] beneath he carefuley'd.
Stun'd with the sight, his fair with blood bedew'd
Lay cold; hard hearted man thus faintly cry'd,
Ye heavens protect my orphan callow brood.
In yonder skies, how [16] blest should I have been,
Had the fierce Hawck, who ever thirsts for blood;
Devour'd me there, I would not now have seen,
A mangled dame & starving callow brood.
[17]

14 Lords of this world, your malice I defy,
Man plunders for his sport, the Hawck for food.
To regions more secure, more blest I fly,
Adieu, ye heavens-oh! gaurd my callow brood.
With head reclin'd, [18] he tumbled from the bough.
To aid the falling songster fast I run,
But late, too late his heart partook the blow;
Aim'd at his mate, thro' the curst fatal guns.
Unconscious of thier [19] loss, the craving young,
With eager looks implor'd my timely aid,
Could I deny! while pity mildly sung.
Convey them safe to some fair tender maid.

15 To rob the gold finch 20 of its callow young,
She sure will say it is a cruel deed.
But when thier tale is told, her soften'd tongue,
Must plead thier cause, while her fond heart doth bleed.

21

Bards may resound, the pleasures of the chas
Or sing the pastim of the roaring gun;
Let my poor verse protect the feeble race,
And every feeling breast, such pursuits shun.

The following was wrote at the close of a letter to a friend AD. 1780 – August 12th after I had determined to go to sea from London to Edinr.

16 How look the fields? what pastime glads the day,
My heart is with you; tho now far away,
Does yellow autumn wave along the plains.
How are your Nymphs; and how your honest swain:
Are the hills green? your rivers warm and clear?
Do gardens glow with apple? or with pear;
Are lambkins sportive on the verdant mead?
When shepherds blythsome tune the rural reed,
Does Eden laugh, to see her farms around,
With Natures stores, exuberantly crownd,
Is Fortha pleas'd to view her blooming banks?
Does Cupid play his little boyish pranks.

17. Oh waft the notes to me that warblers sing
Or tell the joys which from the harvest spring;
Pale hunger flies at Ceres mild appears;
Famine no more impresses deadly fears.
Lavinias joy to find Palemons true.
Here Thomson shows what gratitude can do:
Each honest farmer at the bards command
Scatters his stores with more than liberal hand,
While round him stoop the gleaners, needy-poor,
Plead all thier wants;- his pity oft implore.-
Can he refuse- while to himself he says
Sure some of these have known far better days.

18. My Sons may want what I have to bestow.
Fortune oft changes in this world below-
But stop presumtious pen- where have you gone!
To tread in footsteps which are not your own,-
Thomson demands what justly is his due;
Autumnal months he sung- left none for You
Return & bid your native land adieu.
Oh! Scotia's fields - dear- tho' dear to me,
From you I fly to dare the raging sea;
Where in the smoke of cannons fortune roams,
Rattle the roaring winds, while Neptune foams;
And fearless there with Hope to cheer my mind,
Once to return, when fortune proveth kind;

21 When summers Suns invite the youthful bands,
To dare the deep, at first with untaught hands
They fearful glide, but soon by usage brave
Each dimpled pool; or more unruly wave.
The timid field mouse when it leaves the ground,
Catiously peeps & surveys all around;
Then wary measuring every inch it goes;
Looking this way & that for watchful foes.
If none are seen, then gladly scampers o'er,
The Verdant plain, that was untrod before

Wrote on the death of a humming bird - which a Negroe by accident crushed under his foot - the author had tamed it - intending to have brought it home as a present for the royal family Sep 7th 1778

22 Ye mourning birds, that drooping hang the wing
Ye Nightingales whose throats so sweetly sing
The Parentivoe, Ye maidens old who sigh,
In vain the Hymeneal knot to tie
Ye parting lovers - all conjoin your aid
And tune my harp, to sing of Dicky laid
Cold in the earth; oh how I must bewail
His fate untimely, & the mournful tale
By Quashi told - how crash'd! the horrid sound!
Yet dreaful! gives my thoughts a fresher wound,
His shape so neat, his plumage oh how gay.
Pleasd were his looks, mild as a morn of May

23 His feathers burnish'd with a thousand deys
And Beauty sparkled in his piercing eyes
With chirping notes he told his grateful mind
And own'd I was like to a mother kind
In open air beneath a flowery bower
He sat & sung away each chearful hour.
One morn I left him on his wonted spray
Unconcious it would be the fatal day
He chirp'd farewell to me he bid adieu
And oh alas I found it was too true
Eer Noon came on he breath'd his latest breath
Was snatch'd unheeded in the jaws of Death
Ye Sportive beaux, ye smiling beauties gay,

24. Hear what the moral of my song could say
All men must die, the moment silent steels
On each unwarned till the dart he feels
Of Cruel Death, prepare then for the smart
That deids defiance – to Galenic art.

13th March To Amanda 1781
'Twixt you & me the seas may roar
Or Hills or Mountains rise,
Ay shall I love you as before,
The maid I wont to prize;

Tho' loud the stormy Ocean foams,
Or thunders rend the Sky

25. Tho' bullets thick or crackling bombs,
around my head should fly.
On You alone my dearest maid
My every thought shall rest
Such dangers all are overpaid,
While with your love I'm blest.
The parting dove sighs to his mate
Before he flies away
With hope I'll patient bear my fate
To meet another day.

To a Friend on leaving Edinr May 21st 1780

14

26. Adieu ye Nymphs, farewell my Scotias plains
For You I sigh, alas, for ever mourn
My absent friends, & Eden's freeborn swains
Perhaps poor Jockie never will return.
Forbid th Gods, forbid th Heaven above,
Oh may propitious fortune yet prove true,
I'd fly with open arms to meet my love
To meet my former friends, such friends as You

27 Wrote on seeing Ireland Scotland & England on a voyage from the West Indies to Liverpool. June 1st 1779

1
From the smooth surface of the watery main
Lo! from afar the distant hillocks rise
Wrapt up in hoving clouds they seemd again
To life & join the hollow bending skies.

2
By the long sighted tubes most piercing view
Beneath the incircling horrison appeard
To sanguine fancies, then we bad adieu
The rolling orb confirmed what we feard

3
For oft the home bound sailor is deceivd

28 When to the land he bends his eager sail
Gay verdant fields in every cloud believd
At first to be. soon vanish with the gale.

4
Twice had bright Sol his daily course performd
And twice fair Phebe silverd oer the deep
When towering hills, the opening scene adornd
Calm was the wind & every wave asleep.

5
To fair Hibernia's shore we bent our way
Free from all danger on the courting tide
The Zyphers made the snow white sheets obey
And oer the heaving billows gently glide

29 O'er every vale sweet Flora kindly sheds her stores profuse adornd by
Her ~~[illegible]~~ abundantly gay ~~[illegible]~~ joyfull. natures hand
On each green hill the lambkins fed
~~In sportive mirth & play~~ cheard the summer ray
While ~~[illegible]~~ singing [illegible] seemd
The echoing of sounds from warblers throats
Made gladsome every [illegible] grove
Where lovers strove with plaintive notes
To gain the ~~[illegible]~~ object of thier love.
To mark the ~~labours~~ changes of the fleeting years
O'er every spray the featherd songsters sing
Sweet are thier notes when fragrant June appears
The hills & vales with sounds melodious ring.

30 There Scotia rises in the western sea,
Whose lofty mountains terminate the sight.
attractive Delightfull countrey, dear most ay dear to me
Where first my Eyes beheld thier native light
Green waving by the little tracts of corn
Where favord by ripening Sun & soil
They with thier shade, make gay the heaths forlorn
And oft reward the industrious peasants toil
Tho' blasted crops or barren land forbear
To yield returns, along the rocky shore
The finny shoals in shining ranks draw near
And bliss the people with thier well known store

31 Prized by the Roman Arms in times of Yore
Our Warlike Ancestors outbraid the foes
While with their blood, those fields were crimsonded,
Which won the blessings, Liberty bestows.

12
Hath Ossian's warlike harp resounds
To rouse great Fingal to repel
With freedom blest, tho' poor the hardy Swain
Now whistles on the rugged mossy rock,
Or pensive sings of Jeany's cold disdain.
While round him graze his woolly bleating flock

32 Behind his sporting[13] herds or walks along, 16
And plucks the flowrets which bestrew the mead
To deck his Bride; or hums a love strain'd Song;
Or sweetly plays upon the rural reed.

Ye Lambkins be sportive & gay.
My Rams, you may carelessly rove,
As Phillis has promised this day
To crown & reward my fond love. &c

Thought 14 one
Delightful view - on this side Clyde pours
Her gentle stream, lo! yonder Derry stands
Whose laden fleet, the rounding Ocean scours
Renown'd in siege, the famed Loch Foyle command

+ alluding to Conflans & Thurot being beat much about one time

15
This is the Sea, where Elliot bravely fought
And boldly vanquish'd a victorious foe.
Poor Thurot paid for Honours hardly got,
+ While Gallia mourn'd, her double overthrow

16
33 In turns serpentine, Ibers c. sts to extend
Adorn'd with verdant Isles, here Scotia lyes.
From port to port, the gl ing vessells bend
Thier eager course, before my ravish'd eyes

17
Ahead Incompass'd Mona, rear her hills,
Around three Sister Kingdoms She surveys
Whose varied meads the fading fancy fills
With rural thoughts to grace the Muses lays

18
34 Fresh blows, the lily on the Sunny plains
Green are the shady groves in every vale
Where lovers in a soft persuasive strain
Tell to thier loves thier long love labor'd tale 17

19
The face of Nature all around is gay
The Mountains, shady woods & winding streams
The flowing meadows, hail the morning ray
Of Phœbus dawning his new risen beams

20
Aslant the fields, the chearful laborer hies
To weed the corn, or mow the bending Hay
Rous'd by the Lark, he views the gilded Skies
That light his slumbers, gently fum'd away

21

35 Proud of his Yellow locks now Pattie sees,
His rosy Nell come smiling cross the dale
To milk her Cows — he knows the way to please
And careful drives them to the clean washt pale

22

Along the fruitfull shores, on either side
The Curling smoke ascends, the azure sky
From Towns, where commerce proudly rolls each tide
In armed fleets which winds & foes defy
~~With native stores~~
~~in guard~~

23

The fruitful earth in southern climes can rear
A Harvest richer, than the North dare boast

---

but there the oceans briny stores appear'st 18
36 To feed the Natives & inrich the coast.

24

Shall Belgick fleets the British seas invade?
And seise what Neptune kindly there bestows
Shall ~~Does~~ Britons sleep inglorious in the shade?
While Thier ~~richest~~ feed commerce basely they ~~to~~ lose

25

No cries Britania's genius from the Air
See o'er the waves my warlike Ships advance
To claim her naval rights & bravely dare,
The fleets of Spain — or Thunder upon France
Even Belgia soon shall feel the kindling flame ~~[illegible]~~
Her sons perfidious to the british cause
~~Who~~ clearly show with them that friendship put a name

by avarice bound — not reason love, or laws —

37

26

Attend — O, Britons ~~with~~ [like] the Gardner view
With parent fondness, here your Infant plants
If nursd — with care they'll rise a hardy crew
And yield whateer supplys your navy wants

27

The downward Sun drives on his full career
The peacefull shepherd winds along the lee
Behind his flocks which bleating glad draw near
To court the shelter of some friendly tree

28

Hark Philomela's voice in younder shade
Pale Night her eastern station claims from day
Calm & serene the Moon begins to wade
And Nature's glory ~~to half [illegible]~~ [flies [illegible] to make] [illegible]

38

29

Mild silence reings & all is husht around
Save when the breeze blows whistling thro the sails
Or when the ~~[illegible]~~ [sea] with hollow the ~~[illegible]~~ rushing sound
~~Divides the billows~~
The ~~[illegible]~~ [Ponderous load] in foamy tears bew[ails]

30

Plaid from the Deep now ~~[illegible]~~ neptune's [illegible]
While Singing Naaids usher in the morn
And Orient Phobus gilds the dappled skies
From beach to beach resounds the Tritons horn

31

The watchful pilot oer the helm preside[s]
Where ~~[illegible]~~ [rocks] & Sands obstruct his devious way
Where Narrow channels & unruly tides
Might lead the Ship most fatally astray

39 On him, his fate, the fate of all depends
Each Tar obedient hears his stern command
On him each Either Dangerlich attends
And all most grateful hail the approaching Land

33
Now from afar the welcome port appears
Where o'er her pebbled bed the Mersey plays
Where stately domes & Spires with Dew shed tears
Reflect like Gems Aurora's golden rays

34
Before the wind we gladly shape our course..
While with a dread salute the Cannons roar
The waters shake & distant mountains force
The thundering sound back on the rocky shore

35
The plodding Merchant thro' his glass espies
While round him stand the gazing eager crowd
It is the Brothers— thus he chearful cries
Who took the Gaston without shedding blood

36
From mouth to Ear the pleasing tale is told
The longing mistress of each lucky Tar
With transport burns impatient to behold
Him, free from danger & the fate of war

37
Nigh spent the day, safe in the harbour moor'd
To meet his lass each faithful lover flies
Recounts the pains for her he has endur'd
While amorous glances feast the lovers eyes

38
The Curfew tolls th' approach of Night
Its ringing knoll [illegible] the [illegible]
Swift as the wind his head will take its flight;
40 Where it first receiv'd the [illegible]

43. Jemmy
Let other Sons, their Courage prove
On far – far distant shores,
Oh stay at home – with her you love,
Nor tempt the billows roar.
Jockie
But ah! the wounded Sailor pleads
And claims my tender care,
Can I refuse him – while he bleeds
Who Death & Dangers dare.
No No, – for me – for You – he fights
And bravely faces foes;
To vindicate our Country's rights
From home he chearful goes.

44 Jemmy 21
Is Sickness fled from Edens walls,
Why fly from friends at home.
Why should you slight the friendly calls
That bid you never roam.
Jockey
Let Edens Sons disease dispel
Far from Edinas walls
Tis painful to bid friends farewell
But hark the Boatswain calls.
The Snowy Sheets see loosely flow,
The signal made to sail
Adieu my Friend – Now I must go
And court the favoring gale.

45 Tho far from natal plains I range
Or visit either Pole
My Friendship, Nor my Love shall change
But last while planets roll.
Jemmy.
Ye fanning) Breezes ~~waft~~ arrgath convey,
My Friend safe oer the Sea
When homeward bound, make no delay;
But waft him back to me. ;
May Virtue e'er adorn his ~~mind~~ breast
May Courage gaurd his mind
May he with friends & peace be blest
And Fortune oh! be kind,

46 Swift fly the Moments - Swiftly glide
Till the returns again.
Safe ~~on the...~~ on the wave may that Ship ride
Which bears him oer the main

Verses wrote on an expedition fitted out agst the Cape of Good Hope a few days before it sailed from Spithead under the command of Comodore Johnstone 9th March 1781

Let Sylvan swains
Sport on the Plains
And hail each chearful day
The cannons roar
From younder shore
And chide our long delay

Tho' gentle Spring
Her Flowrets bring,
To crown each hill & Dale.
Such gaudy Joys
We leave to boys
And court the favoring Gale

47 Our country calls
Her wooden walls
To drub the daring foe
Shall British tars
Dread seas or wars
Believe me, no. no, no;

4
To humble France,
Teach Dons a dance
and punish faithless friends
We'll plow the main
In search of gain
Or take what Fortune sends

5
Blow breezes blow
We wish to go
And vindicate our cause.

5
Brave Johnstone leads
From verdant meads
Haste Haste – to gain applause

6
With wine full fraught
Now banish thougt
and sett all care behind
Shall sailors think?
Why, no, but drink
Or damn the adverse wind.

7
To Hopes fair cape
Our course we'll shape
And mause poor Vandyke wonder
If Frenchmen do
Our track pursue
By love they surely plunder.

48 With British pills
We'll ply thier keels
And make them helm a port

23

To Love a lass
Or drink his glass
Is all a Sailors care
To damn and swear
and banish fear
Tho' wind blow foul or fair

Finis

49 Wrote during a Calm which succeeded a
continuance of contrary winds at Sea—
May 23 1779

Eolus oh let not in vain
A Jovial Tar in humble strain
Invoke your aid to send a breeze
From where the Sun at night doth pleace
To dip his orb in younder deep
Or from the cell the North winds keep
There station'd by your just command
Both of them now seem at a stand
To blow or not. Do strike your dart
And ease a Seamans aching heart
Who with foul ~~wath~~ winds strove in vain

50 To make his native land again 24
In times of Yore by beauty mov'd
You granted to the Queen you lov'd
Her dire request — a Sailor here
Desires attention & implores your ear
Oh waft him soon to Caledonias shore
Great is the favor & he'll ask no more
There oer a bowl — most gladly will he ~~praise~~ Sing
Long live Eolus. live the generous King —

May 20th Wrote on the American war— 1776

51 Mars cruel God your desolation cease
Oh shed your influence mildly blooming Peace
Is there another name to you more dear
If known to me it should salute your ear
Drive Faction down to her own gloomy cell
Her envious Sons to follow Do compell
May both be banishst from Britannias shore
There to lament there fate & still deplore
The rising grandeur of Great George's Throne
And Britain's power to former reigns unknone
Unite all hearts, paint Wars destructive hand
In striking colors to the British land

52 Where civil broils oft with destructive sway
Have scourg'd the realm — or paid a bloody way
To rank oppression or what ills await
A Crown usurped or a tottering state
By faction sapp'd by wild confusion tore
Far far unlike to what it was before —
See the bold Son confront his aged Sire
Mark how his Age burns with unwonted fire
The first beneath one banner draws his sword
The last in conscience owns another lord.
With impious rage the Civil monster rules
Friends fight with friends & all alike seem fools

53 Britons what says the simple honest tale
A Good old man once liv'd within a vale
Four Sons he had by whose industrious toil
Around his Cott kind plenty seem'd to smile
His board was crown'd with every sober dish
His crops were ever equal to his wish
Peace beam'd around — in one united all
Sweet Friendship still presided in thier hall
Time ~~Age~~ creeping on reminded the old Sage
His sons to counsel eer he left the stage
One day on purpose to reveal his mind
And give them jointly all he left behind

26

54 The 4 assembled on a grassy plain
And thus address'd them in a sober strain
See these four reeds which here are in my hand
How when united boldly they withstand
The power of strength ~~all~~ to break them is in vain
Each try your strength your wish you cant attain
Because united in one common weal
Resolv'd to keep the blessings which they feel
From friendship flows from unity & peace
Which far excel in gain the golden fleece —
There take you one estranged from the rest
On it let either of You try your best

55 What broke already? — oh my Son, beware
Pay good attention — fall not in the snare
The great misfortunes which appear in life
~~From~~ spring up from jarring discord & internal strife
Tis ten to one from such a cause they rise
Most wise is he who such a cause defies
Your Mothers shade now chides my long delay
When fate her voice decrees me to obey
All that I leave to you is jointly given
To one & all, a gift sent down from heaven
If Friendship teaches how to use it well
If Discord reigns a curse sent up from hell

56 To plauge, torment & or yield you up a prey
To every villian who comes in the way
Sometimes a friend, oftimes a bolder foe
Who culls out seasons to strike home the blow
Non fitter than when Family or state
Divided are, or glow with mortal hate
As all advantages on his side wait
Early concessions make — prevent your fall
Tis better one lose part, than every one lose all
Here ceas'd the sage — yet ceaseless still my muse
Another tale in humble verse pursues
Bids Britons patience to thier ears consign
Or ~~And~~ kind forgive her faults & also mine

57 a wealthy Nobleman of royal blood
With riches crownd – possesst of every good –
This earth could boast – of Forests hills & plains
Profusion coverd all his vast domains –
Which far extending mockt the piercing Eye
To scan its limits or its bounds descry
In Ten divisions nicely was it traced
And over each a skilful Farmer placed
Here cultivation rear'd her beauteous head
Here Ceres smild oer every hill or mead
Mild peace & plenty here went hand in hand
More than abundance seemd to glad the land
Had one Estate ~~disjoined~~ abroad & ~~more~~ far remote –

58 Rugged & woody – that was lately bought
This he resolvd to Cultivate & clear
But how – was what he wished ~~very~~ much to hear
As there, no Tenant yet had tamd the Soil
Nor yet had Culture formd the fields to smile
His Farmers council he resolvd to have
Intent to follow what thier knowledge gave
Lysander sent his summons to them all
Desird to see them at his well known hall
When they convend & heard the case explaind
They frankly answerd if his Lordship deignd
To think thier council from no motives rose

59 But such as Honest men might well propose
~~They~~ They[2] would[3] advise[4th] to[1] send — say twenty men
If large that number — call it only ten
On each of whom a piece of land bestow
To hold rent free for three four years or so
Or E'en till Plenty should thier labor crown
As fortune might on perseverance frown -
That time arriv'd each year a certain sum.
Said from the profits to thier lord might come
And still advance as Cultivation pour'd
Her fourfold payment or as Ceres shower'd
A richer harvest. ~~All~~ this is just & true

60 Lysander cry'd & here I yield to you 29
Go quickly chuse ten of my wisest swains
Send them prepar'd to tame your rugged plain
Which will attract the travellers wondering Eye
Who sees so large a ~~tract~~ space neglected ly
Write the agreement - bring it here with speed
For me to sign & execute the deed.
Away they went & eer a week expir'd
All was transacted which thier Lord desir'd
The bold adventures being well ~~supplyed~~ prepar'd
Now plow'd the Deep - ~~with bold~~ ambition fir'd
and every danger dar'd

61 To Irelands shore they bent thier chearful way
Which distant seemd at such an early day
When infant Britain had no Ships to boast
Save a few boats which creept along the coast
Safe they arriv'd & soon the work began
Up sprung thier houses fortune seemd to dawn
By slow but sure degrees they cox'd the ground
A Grateful yield, a good return they found
Eer that four Suns performed thier annual race
Peace — plenty. Riches ~~stare~~ Beamd them in the face
A thriving offspring also crownd thier boards

62 Which glow'd with all a country farm affords
Thier cattle swarmed on the slopping hills
Thier woolly flocks adornd the purling rills,
Thier farms extending open'd to the view
A scene of Industry — unseen & new
Expanding still each day saw larger bounds
And every month incircled Ampler rounds
An Annual rent now press'd Lysander's hand
Increasing as fat plenty crownd the land
For every acre, every year had tilld
So many crowns his ample lockers filld
Years rolling on his treasures still increasd
He cheard his Tenants — in ~~theywere~~ ever blest

63 Reverse of fortune - oh how oft we feel
Th' unconstant changes of thy giddy wheel
Now a rude band began to storm thier farm
While darkness reign'd to spread thier wild alarms
These on the distant mountains pass'd the day
Grown bold by success - held a dreadful sway
Each night in tribes down on the fields they came
To rob & plunder or set all on flame
The Tenants sent to let Lysander know
They wisht for strength enough to beat the foe
about 50 men Expences they would pay

64 Maintain the number. & all charge defray. 31
The case being so - Consent at once was given
The number came - a Gift sent oer by heaven
At once to cultivate & plough the land
Or when requird the plundering foe withstand
In both succesfull; peace restord again
For full ten years they did not once complain
But now Lysander wickedly advis'd
And fond of money various ways practis'd
To raise large sums - then to his tenants sent
and let them know it soon was his intent
To raise tax ~~to levy~~ to hush some pressing calls

65 Enlarge his fortress & rebuild its walls
Much it had cost for arms for thier defence
And sending men was sure a great expence
Lysander also stated all the Tools
Which they first had – besides by Logick rules
He wishd to prove if he thier cause defends
that wi They surely ~~ought~~ were to make him some amends
there ~~Which~~ ought ~~to be an annual~~ a certain sum
Each rolling year into his coffers come
Besides the rent which was a lawful due,
The tenants ~~swore~~ thought that ~~it was~~ thir strange & new
To yield consent ~~indeed~~ they were but tax

66 In fact all swore they would not pay a tax [32]
They wrote Lysander that his generous aid
In thier distress – should neer have gone unpaid
If foes appeard to rise against thier Lord
~~He~~ He should not want for ought they could afford
Both men & money should assist his cause
Nor would they doubt of gaining his applause
If he thier gratitude would only try
It might with more than his demand comply
To them alone thier power to grant was known
And Liberty they claimd to give thier own
in ~~as~~ a free gift – but not by laws ~~compeld~~ enforced
As of all curses Slavery was the worst

67 To this Lysander in a rage reply'd
And is my Claim by You to be deny'd
If peaceful words my purpose cant attain
My strength I'll try & waft it oer the main
Unused to threats the sword my right shall prove
If this last message dont your purpose move
When this news came the Tenants all convend
And scarse agreed now what Lysander meand
Some thaught he only said it for a Joke
While some foretold he would impose the Yoke
Of sway despotic oer thier flowery vales

33

68. Which would approach them soon on flowing sails
And also counsels to oppose thier might
To him who dar'd to rob them of thier right
Even if Lysander came in hostile mood
To bar his landing with thier dearest blood
For this unanimous all gave consent
No tax they cryd we pay our lawful rent
Whatéer a grateful breast would kind bestow
Should from itself but not compulsion flow
The dutt alone now claimd the Tenants care
Who now assumd the warriors martial air

69 The plough the harrow here neglected ly
Slings twirl in air & stones excelling fly
The useful ditches half fill'd up appear
Thier turfy heaps the coasting ramparts rear
The sparkling lance now glitters in the field
Employs those hands which wont the schyth to wield
All are in motion wars harsh art to learn
To learn it now as pressing dangers warn.
Lysander soon the foamy Ocean bore
With twice five vessels to Hibernias shore
In which 2 hundred men shown in his train

34

70 Alas one half of these set sail in vain
The stormy fates withstood ~~debarred~~ thier eager way
Five of thier number founderd in the flood-
Thier chief himself scarse saved to tell the tale
His fortune mourn or his five ships bewail
Arrivd all shatterd on the Irish ~~coast~~ strand
With five tore vessels under his command
Awhile he waited to repair ~~his~~ the ~~late~~ storm
His state consider & himself inform —
Meantime the warriors saw the hostile prows
All were alarmd becauce they knew them foes

71 In firm array they march'd towards the beach
Before th' Invader could the ramparts reach
Who now began to his fear there darts to pour
To gall assail. the tenants with a deadly shower
But they behind the turfy ramparts lay
Resolving soon a bolder game to play
Lysander now advancing very near
His troops in motion landing all appear
They hail the shore & boldly march along
Cheard by thier pipe & by thier warlike song
Now like a Lyon rushing on his pray
Out spring the Tenants force a bloody way

72 Thro' the stern ranks that durst thier rage oppose
Here every breast with native freedom glows
Their flaming swords few Eyes could well endure
Where eer they wounded Death still followed sure
The Battle turn'd with more than mortal rage
In closer combat never did foes engage
Long fortune hover'd on Lysander's side
But now to him adverse she turn'd the tide
Thro' his troops ~~thier weak~~ hands the dart now lay
Dismay'd they seem & turn towards thier ships
They fly confus'd thier chief too join'd the flight
Nothing ~~can~~ could save them but approaching Night

75 Britons apply this tale to present ~~times~~ case
You'll find, that Peace ought still to hold a place
With friends at least – Dread Civil dangers past
My Muse laments that they appear to last
Throughout the Main
From Shore to Shore
Th' atlantick o'er
May Peace, May Plenty reign

Wrote on leaving the Island of Grenada

37

76 April 15th 1779
From where Aurora opes the dawn of day
Ye dormant ~~Gales~~ breezes now collected rise
And kind the Jolly Boatswain's voice obey
Who like a home bound Sailor ~~foreign~~ eager cryes
From foreign shores oh waft us Friendly Gales
To where the Sons of freedom joyful stay
Till up we gladly spread our flowing sails
And from Grenada haste to bear away.

77 Scarce askt when [3] granted was the Seamans pray
Unbound the floating fleet ~~now~~ in order rides
With full blown sheets they boldly sail & dare
The haughty foe ~~&~~ adverse ~~tides~~ winds or tides.
A loaded fleet [4] now from the perjurd Gauls
Our Sea born Ships of war with care defend
Still Britains Bulwark is her wooden walls
Tis thy the Gallick pride will ever bend.
Safe safe Ye Breezes [5] fann us oer the main
May Albion cliffs soon ~~open to the view~~ appear in sight
Where Plenty – Freedom smiling ever reign

78 By rocks securd & bliss her hardy crew 38
Far from the Land [6] where freedom cannot smile
My happier lot conveys me fast away
~~Where~~ Where the ~~poor~~ sad Negroe bends beneath his toil
Who neer is blist with one poor chearful day
Debard to taste [7] the sweets his labor brings
To dearest social joys his breast estrangd
In wretched misery his hands he ~~...~~ wrings
Lamenting still his fate severely changd
Perhaps ~~some~~ a Prince – Perhaps a lover ~~blest~~ & crownd
With all that risches or a maid could grant
Beneath the lash recieves full many a wound
Or bound in chains expires in wretched want

79

9

Ye feeling breasts here cast a tender Eye
Where fortune oft severely turns her wheel
Thousands of Slaves in mournful Silence sigh
And sigh in vain as none thier sorrows feel

10

In Africs wilds tho' savage mortals dwell
Unknown to whom the sympathetic glow
Of Pity, friendship ever cruel Sell
Each other. deaf to friends or Parents woe

11

Shall Britons ~~[illegible]~~ sons not wipe the victims tears
Nor ~~grant~~ give that freedom ~~which [illegible]~~ they themselves enjoy
Dispel thier doubts & banish all thier fears
Which every springing bud of Hope destroy

80

39

12

On free born Sons Dame Nature ~~doth~~ can bestow
Her flowery stores with liberal hand profuse
But sinks beneath the wretched Negroes hoe
To crown his unpaid labors will refuse

13

Oh may some bard with smoothest verse prevail
And kind enforce the blessings freedom yields
The wretched Slave will then no more bewail
His present fate, nor Africs ~~flow~~ sunny fields

14

As laborers hir'd but not as slaves compell'd
They chearful would each morn to work repair
Convinc'd that Industry would be upheld
And he who most ~~wrought~~ toil'd would reap ~~a greater~~ the readiest share

81 Welcome to me my Native seagirt Isle [15]
Whose hardy sons from far with chearful broa
In concert seem with the high lark to smile
Some mow the fields while others guide the plow
What tho' few grapes adorn the British vine [16]
sparkling What tho so no ~~barren~~ mines of Gold are found
Still Liberty & Plenty each intwine
And he that sows of course will reap y Grain

a Poem wrote August 1st 1781

82 Far far beneath the cheerful light of day [1]
From dreary shades as yet unknown to Song
The fearful Muse attempts to lead the way
To rural scenes forgotten now so long
Conceald within the Horfops dismal ~~gloom~~ womb [2]
Where scarce a lamp emits its feeble light
The bard for eight long months has kept his dom
~~Cavern~~ Nor dard till now attempt a higher flight
No friendly chink there ushers in the morn [3]
No sunny beams attracts the grateful Eyes
Where darkness raigns even Hope appears forlorn
Each Genius sickens & ambition dies

Ah how can Envy from my breast be gone
While harsh distinctions gall my soaring mind
Was it for this I dar'd the torrid Zone
And left my native country far behind
~~Was it~~ for this [did] I por'd over many a page leaf
Or fac'd the [fathers] Sages at a dreaded hall
Engage to serve my country to my grief
I almost wish the devil had them all
When will those cheerful nights once more return
That heard the song & saw the glass go round
~~There~~ absence I must ever — ever mourn
Friendship by mirth & generous wine is crown'd
But ah how chang'd — In darkness I [now repine] deplore

And curse that hour which lead me first astray
To try my fortune in the naval line
Where haughty Tyrants bear a hateful sway
No [smile] badge of freedom [smooths my furrowed brow] on my front appears
I feel ~~my~~
My slavish hand must ever touch my hatt
Oft unreturn'd I make a humble bow
Yet there are evils greater still than that
Should fortune frown & point a smoother course
By which I might ~~elude~~ [evade] her present frown
Detain'd a prisoner like a slave by force
To wail & sicken in this lowly shade
Expose ~~this~~ to the the a Myrtle to the winters snow
It droops & withers for a warmer soil
Where all its leaves their verdant blossoms show
and ~~ever~~ wear a ~~sweet~~ joyful blooming smile

I now debard from friendship's generous joys
My heart contracted narrow—selfish grown
Disturbed by filth & stink & jarring noise
Fells every hope & ~~ever~~ all my prospects [illegible]

It is not much I ask the fates to give
Three hundred pounds per annum should they [illegible]
On ~~that~~ I ~~might~~ would with ease & affluence live
Relieve my friends & purchase every want
~~Wife~~ Cottage & farm should first my thought enjoy
Hard by a river—up a winding vale
Where ~~stately~~ lofty trees ~~would~~ well to check the winters [illegible]
Or lend their odors to the passing gale
A little garden stock'd with greens & fruits
Thro' which a brook should roll its peaceful stream
[illegible] on its banks would many a flowret show
And ope their beauties to the Morning beam

The ~~swarming~~ well form'd hives should rear their thatched [illegible] head
To court the entrance of each roving bee
~~From~~ whose ~~industrious~~ constant toil more abundance than [illegible]
To grace a board—or meliorate the Tea
A Grott & bowers with twirling Ivys bound
Should grace the scene & form a cool retreat

Pale Sickness stares & horror hangs arround
No breeze refreshing cools the heated air
Friendship & peace fly such detested ground
Possess'd by discord & corroding care—

5
How much unlike Parnassus peaceful seat
Where every pleasure courts the tuneful Nine
In vain I sigh— tho Fortune & tho' fate
Smile on thier perse they seem to frown

oh more
Why did I fly from Scotias happy shore
Where Autumn now unfolds her golden hue
~~Can distant lands or boisterous Oceans roar~~
~~But~~ rural pleasures oft ~~brought on~~ all befor
~~Must I then quit with~~ a long adieu

41
Ye rural pleasures oft enjoyed before
Oh Have I then fled from happiness & you
The cheerful Cock no more salutes my ear
In vain Aurora darts sheds her early rays
The Boatswains pipe is all the sound I hear
And all my light from a pale candle strays

8
no Springing flowers emit
No soaring Lark awakes the tuneful train
a sweet perfume ~~no flowers perfume the~~
~~a sweets ambrosial springing from opening flowers~~
Here wh noisy throats & hollow murmurs r'isn
While putrid ~~noisome~~ smells infest the chearless gloom

9
Unseen the Sun arises from the deep
The golden ~~clouds~~ shows display thier shades in vain
No darting ray dispels the clouds of sleep
unhappy While ~~in silence~~ every morn complain

And hark! the muses' tender lays (Gay)

10

No chrystal streams in purling rills descend
~~No verdant~~ Thro' flowery fields the early bard to ~~wake~~ ~~invite~~ raise
But winds & waves discordant murmurs blend
~~Unchang'd the same — with nought to please~~ sign

11

The Lambkins bleat — fair Flora paints the meads
Woods — Shades & Groves thier rural sweets display
~~While happier poets tune thier oaten reeds~~
The harvest dance perhaps my Delia leads
While I in darkness pass the chearless day

12

Oft with a friend I've trod the dewy ~~fields~~ lawn
Or bath'd in Forth's cooling silver ~~flood~~ tide
~~But my hard fate now no such pleasure yields~~
Seen the swain smile — enjoy'd the rosy dawn
But now all vanisht like a faithless dream

13

Oftimes the Shepherd's pipe intic'd mine ear,
To list attentive to his plaintive tale:
The soothing ~~sounds yet~~ accents still methinks I hear
Reverse of Fate; tis I must now bewail

14

With Shenstone blist beneath a willow ~~shade~~ tree
for many Noon ~~after morn~~ the early hours were past
N~~o more~~ fancy — pleasure — friendship ~~ever fade~~ fly from me
And oer the mind a sable gloom is cast

15

A healthy breakfast us'd to crown my board
Milk, bread & butter ~~appear'd~~ to the view
In clean array: ~~but~~ now the fates afford
Nought but molasses mixt with bad burgu

No roaring throats – nor pipes proclaim'd the time
Harsh sounds & uncouth to the gentle ear
Who once enjoy'd a milder – colder clime
When sickness calls with hasty steps I flew
No hammocks barr'd nor hatches stopt the way
But now surrounded by a lousy crew
Fearful I move & oftimes step a stray
But, what most pains the feeling breast to see
The hardy Sailors pine for want of food
Opprest by Scurvy – its dire pangs forego
And silent drop into the briny flood
Physic in vain applys its healing skill
~~No power to nourish~~, drugs ~~could~~ ...
When far from ~~fort & its~~ fields & their produce

~~Diet alone the healing art supplys~~ 43
Diet alone, relieves the sick from pain
~~Removes the cause~~
Who oft regret their chearful ~~for~~ absent home
In sad remembrance oft they tread those haunts
Where plenty smil'd & health was wont to shine
All bounteous Ceres then supply'd their wants
There food & Physic ~~their joint~~ equal did combine
No more I see the jocund reapers stoop
No more the dance or rural songs go round
Oh had I been a Shepherds happy Son
Had fortune plac'd me in his humble cott
Then had I learn'd ambitions path to shun
Nor envy'd riches oft too dearly bought

21

Curst thirst of Gold - how many wear thy chain
for thee How many ~~early~~ dare the ~~raging~~ raging sea
How few thy favors ever can obtain
Tho' much they suffer or ~~complain like~~

22

Where fled that time when with a friend I spent/past
The Sultry hours in study's pleasing toil
My cares were few & blest with calm content
Shades, woods & groves around me seem'd to smile

23

Tyrants Laws their doleful influence My friends are gone - my ~~country forsaken~~ peace forever fled
~~In~~ search of woe, perhaps I cross the Seas ~~I along~~
~~The winds & waves & now disturb the mind~~
& Fortune ~~still~~ dreadful frowns where e'er I go

24 44

I enjoy'd not & who could envy mine When hunger call'd, my dinner soon appear'd
No roaring Throat or Pipe proclaim'd the time
Simple my fare & clean it always cheer'd
~~Tho unattended with a glass of wine~~

25

nor ever could I there a glass of wine deny Milk - ~~water~~ Porter, beer I always could ~~command~~ supply
~~But now how little of the first I passing~~
To quench my thirst & ~~make a hearty meal~~
~~But now the first the second fates to me deny~~
~~What can repay~~ those ~~woes which~~ fate ~~to which~~
Nor aught misfortune or ~~my fate would send~~ ... extend

26

Salt Beef & pork are all the daintys here
~~Hard fare to which the navy makes no stop~~
Sometimes attended with a mess of Pease
Water is scarce & not a drop of Beer
A gloomy cockpit table ever sees

Be smooth ye Seas, ~~be~~ hush hush'd ye winds,
Nor war when Peace prevails
Let gentlest Breezes waft my Friend
When their Ship spreads her Sails.

Fear not Lucinda, trust the Main!
Nor doubt ~~that~~ its frowning wave!
For Storms relent at Beauties Pain.
And Fate will virtue save.
Nay gathering Clouds — too well you know
Severer woes (want) plan
Than ~~[illegible]~~ oft unpitied flow
From smooth deceitful man

POEMS

On various subjects begun August 23d, 1780

by

JOHN GILCHRIST, S. Medn.

Forgive the errors of an humble pen
As yet untutord[1] how to tune the lyres
Lowly my strain, even like the little wren
The least, The lowest of the singing choir.

---

1. Original : sic.

POEM 1st

Inserted in the GENERAL ADVERTISER

Wrote in the Island of Grenada on the unexpected Death of a Friend ; and sent to Scotland in a letter to his Relations, in Tweed ale, 20th Decr. 1778.

— 1 —

Ye Shepherds, who chearfully tend,
Those lambkins, which graze on the mead ;
Ye swains who centendtedly spend,
Your days nigh the banks of the Tweed.

— 2 —

Poor William who lately set sail,
And bade you farwell on the shore,
Came here with a prosperous gale,
But ah you will see him no more.

— 3 —

Blown down like an Oak by the wind,
Untimely Death blasted the swain,
Leaving you and poor Jeany behind,
Of fate and your loss to complain.

— 4 —

Your pipes, and your reeds, now lay by,
Nor with the gay lark chear the day,
Assist me to mourn, and to cry,
Or teach me what friendship should say.

— 5 —

Generous, good natur'd, and true,
To his lass ; to his friends ever kind,
For honesty equalled by few,
In feeling no more refin'd.

— 6 —

Yon willows for William wlll sigh,
The river roll murmring, to tell
The Swains on its banks to draw nigh,
And witness the fatal farewell.

— 7 —

His death the sweet linnets will mourn,
With murmurs reecho each grove,
While Jeany laments, by the burn,
The absence and fate of her love.

— 8 —

Take warning by him all ye swains,
Who happily mav live at home,
By sowing and reaping your plains,
Nar wander, nor carelessy roam.

— 9 —

With fair Tweeda's fields be content,
Don't venture to cross the wide main,
If you do—you yet may repent,
As many return not again.

— 10 —

With diamonds, our rocks are not crown'd,
Nor with gold are the sads cover'd o'er,
But fatal diseases abound,
Diseases you know not before.

Adieu, tho's far over the sea,
These lines, I now waft from my reed,
You'll find it much better to be,
Where you are, near Berwick on Tweed.

POEM 2nd

Inserted in the General Advertiser and wrote on hearing a Young Man complain of being slighted by his Misstress. 28th May 1780.

Damon's complaint and resolution

— 1 —

Thus Damon, told Jamie his mind,
Too long I have courted in vain,
For Anna hath proved unkind,
And treats me with cruel disdain.

— 2 —

From hence forth I'll search after truth,
With Cupid, have no more to do ;
Give way, Ye false pleasures of Youth,
To Science, far better than you.

— 3 —

Farewell to the doubts, to the fears,
Whichever are caus'd by the fair,
Lo Knowledge ! tho' distant appears,
To reward my attention and care.

— 4 —

When Phoebus first gilds the green mead,
And Gold finches warble their lays ;
Reclin'd on the turf, let me read,
Or muse on what Corydon says.

— 5 —

The Lover may mourn by the brook,
Let Jeany her Jockey despise ;
Content with my friend and my book,
I'll laugh as the sad lover sighs.

— 6 —

Such notes I will sing to the breeze,
And chearful forget my late pain ;
The lasses may slight whom they please
But me they shall not slight again.

— 7 —

To Eden's fair daughters adieu,
Their beauty commanded my love ;
Say - what could a poor fellow do,
When scorn'd—why set sail and remove.

POEM 3rd

Inserted in the General Advertiser and wrote on finding a Gold finch short near the foot of a willow tree. 26th July, 1779

— 1 —

Sweet May with kindly warmth had chear'd day,
And winters snows were fled from each green hill,
The face of nature all around was gay,
The Zephyrs whisper'd, every leaf was still.

— 2 —

Each stately stead confes'd his growing flame,
And cooing doves began to tell their tale,
In nest secure lay many a featherd dame,
While every lover strived to prevail.

— 3 —

Along the banks of a sweet rolling stream,
One morn I stray'd pleas'd with the tuneful sound
Of airy warblers, by Auroro's beam
Rous'd up to sing their matin songs around.

— 4 —

A pair more blythsome than the rest appear'd,
From spray to spray they hop'd and Tuneful sung ;
Amid a willow green each other chear'd,
And thus the hardy mate his song began.

— 5 —

When winter comes I'll thee protect, my fair,
With careful bill then pick the scatter'd seed,
To treat thee with, my only dearest care,
Tho' for the stealths my constant heart should bleed.

— 6 —

Now Summer months proclaim the joys of love,
Our little pledges soon will dare the sky ;
Be kind, my dame, blest by the powers above,
When plenty flows around ; can you deny ?

— 7 —

Complyant She his fond embrace reciev'd[1],
In sweet enjoyment, they the moments drown'd,
A generous flame, an equal passion heav'd
In either breasts, both felt[2] the pleasing wound.

— 8 —

My love he sung, I'll soar to yonder fields,
While you explore the silent shady wood ;
Then both bring home what nature's[3] bounty yields,
To fill the mouths of these our callow brood.

— 9 —

A task so fond she said who can decline,
But oh ! my troubled heart forbodes no good,
Last night when slumbers, clos'd your eyes and mine,
I dreamt of you and[4] our poor callow brood.

— 10 —

You seem'd to hover o'er the grassy plain,
And unperciev'd[5], a hawk with talons rude,
Snatch't you away, this done ; return'd again,
To kill, devour our helpless callow brood.

— 11 —

Such fears are vain he cryd[6], away they flew,
A pair more happy surely never woo'd,
Methought and[7] nigh the bushy willow drew,
To gaurd till they came back, their callow brood.

1. Original : sic.
2. do. : fell.
3. do. : natures.
4. do. : &
5. do. : sic.
6. do. : sic.
7. do. : &

— 12 —

A Thundering sound re-echoed from each hill,
A hollow murmur roll'd along the flood,
A voice descending, faint, tho' sweetly shrill
Sung—fare you well my hungry callow brood.

— 13 —

The little songstress fell dead on the ground,
While not far off the savage fowler stood,
His heart unfeeling wept not for the wound,
That snatch't a mother from her callow brood.

— 14 —

Rous'd with the roaring sound the gayde'd male
Flew swiftly thro' the air in fearful mood,
Look't[1] here and[2] there, then sung his love strain'd tale
Perch't[3] on the nest and[4] fed his callow brood.

— 15 —

Doubtful, the green beneath he carefuley'd[5]
Stun'd with the sight, his fair with blood bedew'd
Lay cold ; hard hearted man thus faintly cry'd[6]
Ye heavens, Protect my orphan callow brood.

— 16 —

In yonder skies, how blist should I have been,
Had the fierce Hawck, who ever thirsts for blood,
Devour'd me there, I would not now have seen,
A mangled dame and starving callow brood.

— 17 —

Lords of this world, your malice I defy,
Man plunders for his sport, the hawck for food,
To regions more secure, more blist I fly,
Adieu, ye heavens, oh ! gaurd my callow brood.

---

1. Original : sic.
2. do. : &
3. do. : sic.
4. do. : &
5. do. : sic.
6. do. : sic.

— 18 —

With head reclin'd he tumbled from the bough,
To aid the falling songster fast I run,
But late, too late his heart partook the blow,
Aim'd at his mate, thro' the curst fatal gun.

— 19 —

Unconscious of their[1] loss ye craving young,
With eager looks implor'd my timely aid,
Could I deny ! while pity mildly sung,
Convey them safe to some ~~fair~~ tender maid.

— 20 —

To rob the gold finch of its callow young,
She sure will say it is a cruel deed,
But when their[2] tale is told, her soften'd tongue,
Must plead their[3] cause, while her fond heart doth bleed.

— 21 —

Bards may resound, the pleasures of the chase
Or sing the pastime[4] of the roaring gun :
Let my poor verse Protect the feeble race,
And every feeling breast, such pursuits shun.

———

The following was wrote[5] at the close of a letter to a friend—A.D. 178C—August 12th—after I had determined to go to seas from London to Edinr.

How look the fields ? what pastime glads the day !
My heart is with you ; the now faraway,
Does yellow autumn wave along the plains ?
How are your Nymphs-and how your honest swains,
Are the Hills green-? your rivers warm and clear ;
Do gardens glow with apple or with pear,

1. Original : thier
2. do. : thier
3. do. : thier
4. do. : pastim
5. do. : sic.

Are lambkins sportime on the verdant mead ;
When shepherds blythsome tune the rural reed,
Does Eden laugh—to see her farms around,
With Nature's stores, exuberantly crown'd,
It is for tha[1] pleas'd to view her blooming banks,
Does Cupid play his little boyish pranks,
Oh waft the notes to me that warblers sing,
Or tell the joys which from the harvest spring,
Pale hunger flies at Ceres, mild appears ;
Famine no more impresses deadly fears,
Lavinias joy to find Palemons true,
Here Thomson shows what gratitude can do ;
Each honest farmer at the bards command,
Scatters his stores with more than liberal hand,
While round him, stoop the gleaners, needy poor,
Plead all their wants ; his pity oft implore,
Can he refuse—while to himself he says,
Sure some of these have known far better days,
My sons may want I have to bestow,
Fortune oft changes in this world below,
But stop presumtuous pen-where have you gone ?
To tread in footsteps which are not your own,
Thomson demands what justly is his due,
Autumnal months he sung-left none for you,
Return and bid your native land adieu.
Oh, Scotia's fields-dear-tho' dear to me,
From you, I fly to dare the raging sea ;
Where in the smoke of canons fortune roams,
Battle the roaring winds, while Neptune foams ;
And fearless there with hope to chear my mind,
Once to return, when fortune proveth kind ;
Whate'er befals[2]—the Goddess smiles or lours,
Tho' far or nigh—my friend I'm ever yours

———

1. Original : sic.
2. do. : sic.

To Mr. Henry Reabum
John Gilchrist Augs't 20th 1780

ON PERSEVERANCE

Hard is each task to all when first begun
We stand, now step, then walk before we run,
First as the storm assails the seaboys ear
He thoughtful shrinks and looks aghast with fear
Tho' should continued blasts, his courage prove
He scorns the gale and laughs at angry Jove,
The soldier too the first platoon when o'ver
Undaunted burns with rage unknown before
Defies his fears, then bids the cannons roar,
When first the youthful warblers dare the sky
With feeble wing they scarse know how to fly,
Till urg'd by parent threats they soar again
And leave below the humble grassy plain,
Thus Nature wisely stoops to Habit's laws,
And Perseverance ever gains applause.

June 12th 1778

TO THE CRITICKS[1]

Forgive ye Critics whom I cannot please
Whats crude at first, will mellow by degrees
The infant babe, before it walks must creep
And little birds before they sing must cheap,
When summer's suns invite the youthful bands,
To dare the deep, at first with untaught hands,
They fearful glide, but soon by usage brave,
Each dimpled pool ; or more unruly wave,
The timid field mouse, when it leaves the ground,
Cauntiously peeps and Surveys all around ;

1. Original : sic.

Then wary measuring every inch it goes,
Looking this way and that for watchful foes,
If none are seen, then gladly scampers o'er,
The Verdant plain, that was untrod before.

Wrote on the Death of a humming bird—which a Negroe by accident crushed under his foot — the author had tam'd it — intending to have brought it home as a present for the royal family Sepr. 1st 1778.

Ye mourning birds, that drooping hang the wing
Ye Nightingales whose throats so sweetly sing
Parent woe ; Ye maidens old who sigh,
In vain the Hymeneal knot to tie
Ye parting lovers-all conjoin your aid
And tune my harp, to sing of Dicky laid,
Cold in the earth ; oh how I must bewail
His fate untimely and the mournful tale
By Quashi told-how crush't the horrid sound !
Yet dreadful ! gives my thoughts a fresher wound,
His shape so neat, his plumage oh how gay !
Pleas'd were his looks, mild as a morn of May,
His feathers burnish'd with a thousand deys
And Beauty sparkled in his piercing eyes
With chirping notes he told his grateful mind
And own'd I was like to a mother kind
In open air beneath a flowery bower
He sat and[1] sung away each chearful[2] hour.
One morn I left him on his wonted spray,
Unconcious[3] it would be the fatal day,
He chirp'd farewell—to me he bid adieu
And oh alas I found it was too true
Ere Noon came on he heav'd his latest breath

---

1. Original : &
2. do. : sic.
3. do. : sic.

Was snatch'd unheeded in the jaws of Death
Ye sportive beau, ye smiling beauties gay,
Hear what the moral of my song could say,
All men must die, the moment silent steels
On each unwarned, till the dart he feels
Of Cruel Death; prepare then for the smart
That drids defiance—to Galenic art.

TO AMANDA 1781

13th March

Twixt you and me the seas may roar,
Or Hills or Mountains rise,
Ay shall I love you as before,
The maid I wont to prize,
Tho' loud the stormy Ocean foams,
Or Thunders rend the Sky
Tho' bullets thick or crackling bombs,
Around my head should fly.
On you alone my dearest maid
My every thought shall rest
Such dangers all are overpaid,
While with your love I'm blest.
The parting dove sighs to his mate
Before he flies sway.
With hope I'll patient bear my fate
To meet another day.

To a Friend on leaving Edinr[1] May 21st 1980

Adieu ye Nymphs farewell my Scotias plains,
For you I sigh, alas, for ever mourn
My absent friends and[2] Eden's freeborn swains

1. i. e., Edinburgh
2. Original : &

Perhaps poor Jockie never will return.
Forbid it Gods, forbid it Heavens above,
Oh may propitious fortune yet prove true,
I'd fly with open arms to meet my love.
To meet my former friends, such friends as You.

Wrote on seeing Ireland, Scotland, and England on a voyage From the West Indies to Liverpool June 1st 1779.

— 1 —

From the smooth surface of the watery main
Lo ! from afar the distant hillocks rise
Wrapt up in hov'ring clouds they seem'd again
To kiss and join the hollow bending skies,

— 2 —

By the long sighted tubes most piercing view
Beneath the incircling[1] horrison[2] appear'd
To sanguine fancies, then we bade adieu
The rolling orb confirmed what we fear'd,

— 3 —

For oft the home bound sailor is deciev'd[3]
When to the land he bends his eager sail,
Gay verdant fields in every cloud believ'd
At first to be, soon vanish with the gale.

— 4 —

Twice had bright Sol his daily course perform'd
And twice fair Phebe silver'd o'er the deep
When towering hills, the opening scene adorn'd
Calm was the wind and every wave asleep,

---

1. Original : sic.
2. do. : sic.
3. do. : sic.

— 5 —

To fair Hibernias shore we bent our way
Free from all danger on the courting tide
The Zyphers bade, the snowy whlte sheets obey
And o'er the heaving billows gently glide,

—6—

O'er every vale sweet Flora kindly shed,
Her stores profuse kindly adorn'd by nature's hand,
On each green hill the lambkin fed,
Whole smiling plenty scemed to bliss the land.

—7—

To mark the changes of the fleeting years,
O'er every spray the feather'd songsters sing.
Sweet are their notes when fragrant June appears
The hills and vales with sounds melodious ring.

—8—

There Scotia rises in the western sea,
Whose lofty mountains terminate the sight.
Attractive country, dear most dear to me
Where first my Eyes beheld their native light

—9—

Green waving by the little tracts of corn
Where favor'd by ye ripening Sun & soil
They with their shade, make gay the heaths forlorn
And cft reward the industrious peasants toil,

—10—

Tho' blasted crops or barren land forbear
To yield returns, along the rocky shore,
The finny shoals in shining ranks draw near
And bliss the people with their well known store.

—11—

Pres'd by the Roman Arms in times of Yore
Our Warlike Ancestors outbraid the foes
While with their blood, those fields were crimsondoes
Which won the blissing, Liberty bestows.

—12—

With freedom blist, tho' poor the hardy Swain
Now whistles on the rugged mossy rock,
Or pensive sings of jeany's cold disdain,
While round him graze his woolly bleating flock.

—13—

Behind his sporting herds or walks along,
And plucks the flowrets which bestrew the mead
To deck his Bride ; or hums a love strain'd song ;
Or sweetly plays upon the rural reed.
Ye Lambkins be sportive and gay
My Rams, you may carelessly rove,
As Phillis has promisd this day
To crown and[30] reward my fond love.

—14—

Delightful thought on one side Clydax pours
Ilex gentle stream, lo, yonder Derry stands
Whose laden fleet, the soundlng ocean scours
Renown'd in siege the fam'd Lock goyle, command,

—15—

This is the Sea, where Elliot bravely fought
And boldly vanquish'd a victorious foe.
Poor Thurot paid for Honours hardly got,
While Gallia mourn'd her double overthroe[1]

1. Original : sic.

—16—

In turns serpentine, Hiber's coasts extend
Adorn'd with verdant Isles, there Scotia lyes
From port to port ; the gliding vessels bend
Their eager course, before my ravish'd eyes

—17—

Ahead Incompass'd Mona rears her hills,
Around three Sister Kingdoms She surveys
Whose varied meads the fading fancy fills,
With rural thousands to grace the Muse's lays

—18—

Fresh blows the lily on the sunny plain
Green are the shady groves in every vale
Where lovers in a soft persuasive[1] strain
Tell to their loves—their long love labor'd tale

—19—

The face of Nature all around is gay
The mountains, shady woods and winding streams
The flowing meadows hail the morning ray,
Of Phoebus dawning his new risen beams

—20—

Asslant the fields, the chearful[2] laborer hies,
To weed the corn, or mow the bending Hay
Rous'd by the Lark, he views the gilded skies,
That light his slumbers, gently fum'd away.

—21—

Proud of his Yellow locks now Pattie sees
His rosy Nell come smiling, 'cross the dale
To milk her cows—he knows the way to please
And careful drives them to the clean wash't pale

1. Original : sic.
2. do. : do.

—22—

Along the fruitful shores, on either side
The Curling smoke ascends the azure sky,
From Towns, where commerce proudly rolls each tide
In armed fleets which winds and[1] foes defy

—23—

The fruitful earth in southern climes can rear
A Harvest richer than the Norty dare boast
But there the ocean's[2] brine stores appear,
To feed the Natives and[3] inrich[4] the coast,

—24—

Shall Belgick fleets the British seas invade
And siese[5] what Neptune kindly there bestows
Shall Britons sleep inglorious in the shade
While their[6] best commerce thus they lose

—25—

No—cried Britania's genius from the Air
See o'er the waves my warlike ships advance
To claim her naval rights and[7] bravely dare
The fleets of Spain—or Thunder upon France
Even Belgia soon shall feel the kindling flame
Her sons perfidious, to the british cause
Show clearly with them that friendship's but a name
By avarice bound — not reason, love, or laws—

—26—

Attend O' Britons like the Gardner view
With parent fondness, here, your Infent plants
If nurs'd- with care they'll rise a herdy crew
And yield what'er supplys[8] your navy wants

1. Original : &
2. do. : oceans
3. do. : &
4. do. : sic.
5. Original : sic.
6. do : thier
7. do : &
8. do : sic.

—27—

The downward sun his full career
The peaceful[1] shepherd winds along the lee
Behind his flocks which bleating glad draw near
To court the shelter of some friendly tree

—28—

Hark Philomela's voice in younder shade
Pale Night her eastern station claims from day
Calm and[2] serene, the Moon begins to wade
And Nature's glory flies like smoke away

—29—

Mild silence reings and all is hush't around
Save when the breeze blows whistling thr o' the sails
Or when the sea with hollow rushing sound
The Ponderous land in foamy boxs bewails.

—30—

Pleas'd from the Deep now hoary neptune [lies ?]
While singing Naaids usher in the morn,
And orient Phoebus gilds the dappled skies
From beach to beach resounds the Triton's horn.

—31—

The watehful pilot o'er the helm presides
Where rocks and banks obstruct his devious [way ?]
Where Narrow channels and unruly Tides
Might lead the ship most fatally astray

—32—

On him his fate, the fate of all depends
Each Tar obedient hears his stern command
On him each eye when Dangers lurk attends
And all most grateful hail the approaching land

---

1. Original : peaceful.
2. do. : &

—33—

New from afar the welcome port appears
There O'er her pebbled bed the Mersey plays
Where stately domes and spires with Dew shed tears
Reflect like Gems Aurors's golden rays

—34—

Before the wind we gladly shape our course
While with a dread salute the Cannons roar
The watere shake and distant mountains force
The thundering sound back on the rocky shore

—35—

The plodding merchant thro' his glass espies
While round him stand the garing eager crowd
It is the Brothers—thus he chearful[50] cries
Who took the Gaston without shedding blood

—36—

From mouth to Ear the pleasing tale is told
The longing mistress of each lucky Tar[51]
With transport burns impatient to behold
Him, free from danger[52] and the fate of war

—37—

Nigh spent the day, safe in the harbour mood
To meet his lass each faithful lover flies
Recounts the pains for her he has endur'd
While amorous glances feast the lovers eyes

—38—

The Curfew tolls th' apparoach of Fable Night
For regions more rewate the bard is bound
Swift as the wind his heart will take its flight
To where it first recieav'd the feeling wound.

A Poetical Dialogue—composed by Jo[1]. Hayes & John Gilchrist Surgeon's Mates of his Majesty's Ship Isis June 18th 1781

Jemmy,

Oft does the storm, roll loud along,
And swell the roaring main,
What tempts the Sailor far to roam.
Nought but the hopes of Gain
Why should he leave the peaceful plains
Where Flocke, where Lambkins play ;
Where happiness perpetual reigns
And crowns each chearful[2] day,

Jockie

Tn tempt the Ocean's direful rage
And dare the raging sea ;
Ambition prompts hin to engage,
And honor leads the way,

Jemmy

Then fly Ambitions baneful sway,
Hand Honor to the wind
Take my advise[3] ; my Jockie stay
And to your Jean be kind.

Jockey

But still my Country claims my aid
When foes around her rise,
And I must leave my alss poor Maid
To visit distant skies.

Jemmy

The other Sons, their[4] Courage prove,
On far—far distant shores,
Oh, stay at home—with her you love,
Nor tempt the billows roar,

1. Original : sic.
4. do. : do.
3. do. : do.
4. do. : thier

Jockie

But ah. the wounded sailor pleads
And claims my tender care,
Can I refuse him-while he bleeds
Who Death & Danger dare
No No - for me - for you - he fights
And bravely faces foes,
To Vindibate our Country's rights
From home he chearful[1] goes,
Is Sickness fled from Edin's walls,
Why fly from friends at home,
Why should you slight the friendly calls
That bid you never roam,

Jockey

Let Eden's sons disease dispel
Far from Edina's walls
Tis painful to bid friends farewell
But hark the Boats-wain calls.
The Snow Sheets see loosely flow,
The Signal made to sail
Adieu my Friend-Now Iow I must go
And court the favoring gale.
Tho far from natal plains I range
Or visit either Pole
My friendship, Nor may Love shall change
But last while planets roll,

Jemmy

Ye fanning Breezes smath convey,
My friend safe o'er the sea,
When homeward bound, make no delay,
But waft him back to me.

1. Original : sic.

May Virtue e'er breast adorn his
May Courage gaurd his mind.
My he with friends and[1] pease be blest
And fortune oh be kind.
Swift fly the moments-switly glide
Till he return again.
Safe on the waves may that ship ride

Verses wrote on an expedition filled out against the Cape of Good Hope a few days before it sailled from Spithead under the command of Comodore[2] Johnstone 9th March, 1718.

(1)

Let sylvan swains
Sport on the plains
And hail each chearful[3] day
The cannous roar
From younder shore
And chide our long delay·

(2)

Tho' gentle Spring
Her flowrets bring,
To crown each hill and[4] dale,
Such gaudy Toys
We leave to boys,
And court the favoring Gale.

(3)

Our Country calls
Her woodden walls
To drub the daring foe
Shall British tars
Dread sear or wars
Believe me, no, no, no ;

(4)

To humble France,
Teach Dons a dance
And punish faithless friends
Well plow the main
In search of gain
Or take what Fortune sends

(5)

Blow breezes blow
We wish to go
And vindicate our cause
Brave Johnstone leads

---

1. Original : &
2. do. : sic.
3. do. : do.
4. do. : &

From verdant meads
Haste, Haste—to gain applause
With wine full fraught
Now banish thought
And[1] sett all care behind.

Shall sailors think
Why, no, but drink
Or damn the adverse wind
To Hope's fair cape
Our course we'll shape
And cause poor Vandyke wonder
If Frenchmen do
Our tract pursue
By Jove they surely blunder.

— —

To love a lass
Or drink his glass
It's all a sailor's care
To dawn and swear
And banish fear
Tho' wind blow foul or fair.

FINIS

1. Original : &

Wrote during a Calms which succeeded a continuance of contrary winds at Sea—May 23, 1779.

Eolus oh let not in vain
A Jovial Tar in humble strain
Invoke your aid to send a breeze
From where the sun at night doth please
To dip his orb in younder[1] deep
Or from the cell the North winds keep
There station'd by your just command
Both of them now seem at a stand
To blow or not. Do strike your dart
And ease a Seaman's aching heart
Who with foul winds hath strove in vain,
To make his native land again
In times of yore by beauty mov'd
You granted to the Queen you lov'd
Her dire request—a sailor here
Desires attention and[2] implores your ear
Oh waft him soon to Caledonia's shore
Great is the favor and[3] he'll ask no more
There o'er a bowl—most glady will he sing
Long live Eolus, live the generous King.

———

May 20th, Wrote on the American War—1776.

Mars cruel God your desolation cease
Oh shed your influence mildly blooming Peace
Is there another name to you more dear
If known to me it should salute your ear
Drive faction down to her own gloomy cell
Her envious sons to follow do compell
May both be banisht from Britannia's shore
There to lament their[4] fate and still deplore

1. Original : sic.
2. do. : &
3. do. : do.
4. do. : do.

The rising grandeur of Great George's Throne
And Britain's power to former reigns unknown[1]
Unite all hearts, paint Wars destructive hand
In striking colors to the British land

Where civil broils oft with destructive sway
Have scourg'd the realm or pav'd a bloody way,
To rank oppresson or what ills await
A Crown usurped or a Tottering state
By faction sap'd, by wild confusion tore,
Far far unlike to what it was before
See the bold son confront his aged sire
Mark how his Age burns with unwonted fire
The first beneath one banner Draws his sword
The last in conscience owns another lord
With impious rage the Civil monster rules
Friends fight with friends and[2] all alike seem fools.

Britons, what says the simple honest tale
A Good old man once liv'd within a vale
Four sons he had by whose industrious toil
Around his Cott kind plenty seem'd to smile
His board was cround[3] with every sober dish
His crops were ever equal to his wish
Peace beam'd around — in one united all.
Sweet Friendship still Presided in their[2] hall
Time creeping on reminded the old Sage
His sons to counsel e'er he left the stage
One day on purpose to reveal his mind
And give them jointly all he left behind
The four[4] assembled on a grassy plain

1. Original : unknow
2. do. : &
3. do. : sic.
4. do. : 4

And thus addressed them in a sober strain
See these four seeds which here are in my hand
How when united boldly they withstand
The power oft[1] to break them is in vain
Each try your strength your wish you can't attain
Because united in one common weal
Resolvd to keep the blissings[2] which they feel.
From friendship flows unity and peace
Which far excel in gain the golden fleece—
There take you one estranged from the rest
On it let either of you try your best

What broke already ? — oh my sons beware
Pay good attention fall not in the snare
The great misfortunes which appear in life
Spring up from discord and[3] internal strife
Tis ten to one from such a cause they rise
Most wise is he who such a cause defies
Your mother's shade now chides my long delay
When fate her voice decrees me to obey
All that I leave to you is jointly given
To one and[4] all a gift sent down from heaven
If Friendship teaches how to use it well
If discord reigns a curse sent up from hell

To plauge, torment or yield you up a prey
To every villian who comes in the way
Sometimes a friend, of time a bolder foe
Who culls out seasons to strike home the blow
Non fitter than when Family or state

1. Original : of
2. do. : sic.
3. do. : &
4. do. : &

Divided are, or glow with mortal hate
As all advantages on his side wait
Early concessions make - prevent your fall
Tis better one lose part than every one lose all
Here ceas'd the sage - yet ceaseless still my muse
Another tale in humble verse pursues
Bids Briton's patience to their ears consign
Or kind forgive her faults and[3] also mine

A wealthy Noble man of royal blood
With riches crown'd - possest of every good
This earth could boast - Forests, hills and[1] plains
Profusion cover'd all his vast domains
Which far extending mock't the piercing Eye
To scan its limits or its bounds descry
In ten divisions nicely was it trace'd
And over each a skilful Farmer place'd
There cultivation rear'd her beautious head
Here Ceres smil'd o'er every hill or mead
Mild peace and[2] plenty here went hand in hand
More than abundance seem'd to glad the land

Had one Estate abroad and[3] far remote
Rugged and[4] woody - that was lately bought
This he resolv'd to Cultivate and[5] clear
But how - was what he wished much to hear
As there, no Tenant yet had tam'd the Soil
Nor yet had Culture form'd the fields to smile
His farmer's council he resolv'd to have
Intent to follow what their[6] knowledge gave
Lysander sent his summons to them all

---

1 to 5. Original : &
6. do. : thier

Desir'd to see them at this well - known hall
When they conven'd and[1] heard the case explained
They frankly answerd if his Lordship deigned
To think their[2] council from no motives rose
But such as Honest men might well propose

They would advise to send - say twenty men
If large that number - call it only ten
On eaeh of whom a piece of land bestow
To hold rent fee for three four years or so
On Ee'u till Plenty should their[3] labor crown
As fortune might on perseverance from
That time arriv'd each year a certain sum
Sav'd from the profits to their lord might come
And still advance as Cultivation pour'd
Her fourfold payment or as Ceres shower'd
A richer harvest. This is just and[4] true
Lysander cry'd and here - and[5] yield to you

Go quickly choose[6] ten of my wisest swains
Send them prepared to tame your rugged plains
Which wild attract the travellers wondering Eye
Who sees so large a space neglected by
Write the agreement - bring it here with speed
For me to sign and[7] execute the deed
Away they went and[8] o'er a week expir'd
All was transacted which their Lord desird
The bold adventures being well prepar'd
Now plo'd the Deep and every danger dar'd

---

1. Original : &
2. do. : thier
3. do. : do.
4. do. : do.
5. Original : &
6. do. : chose.
7. do. : &
8. do. : &

To Ireland's shore they bent their[1] chearful[2] way
Which distant seem'd at such an early day
When infant Britain had no ships to boast
Save a few boats which creept[3] along the coast
Safe they arriv'd and[4] soon the work began
Upsprung their[5] houses for tune seem'd to dawn
By slow but sure degrees they coy'd thc grouud
A grateful yield, a good return they found
E'er that four Suns perfom'd their annual race
Peace — plenty, Riches Beam'd them in the face
A thriving offspring also crown'd their[6] boards
Which glow'd with all a country farm afford

Their[7] cattle swarmed on the sloping hills
Their woolly flocks adorn'd the purling rills
Their[8] farms extending open'd to the view
A scene of Industry - unseen and[9] new.
Expanding still each day saw larger bounds
And every month incircled Ampler sounds
An annual rent now pressed Lysande'r hand
Increasing as fat plenty crown'd the land
For every acre, every year had, till'd
So many crowns his ample lockers fill'd
Years rolling on his treasurers still increased
He chear'd his Tenant — him they ever blist

Reverse of fortune - oh how oft we feel
Th'unconstant changes of thy giddy wheel
Now a rude band began to storm their[10] farm
While Darkness reign'd to spread their wild alarm
These on the distant mountains pass the day

---

1. Original : thier.
2. do. : sic.
3. do. : do.
4. do. : &
5. do. : thier.
6. do. : do.
7. Original : thier.
8. do. : do.
9. do. : &

Grown bold by sucess - held a dreadful sway
Each night in tribes down on the fields they came
For rob and[1] plunder or set all on flame
The Tenants sent to let Lysander know
They wisht for strength enough to beat the foe
Askt fifty[2] men's[3] Expenses they would pay
Maintain the number and[4] all charge defray

The case being so - Consent at once was given
The number came - a Gift sent o'er by
At once to cultivate and[5] plough the land
Or when requir'd the plundering foe withstand
In both successful, peace restor'd again
For full ten years they did not once complain
But do Lysander wickedly advis'd
And fond of money various ways practis'd
To raise large sums — then to his tenants sent
And let them know it soon was his intent
To raise tax to hush some pressing calls
Enlarge his fortress and[6] rebuild its walls

Much it had cost for arms for their[7] defence
And sending men was sure a great expence
Lysander also slated all the Tools
Which they first had — besides by Logick rules
He wisht to prove if he their cause defends
They surely were to make him some amends
That without doubt there ought a certain sum
Each rolling year into his coffers come
Besides the rent which was a lawful due
The tenants thought that this strange and [3]new
To yield consent they were but ev'ry lax

---

1. Original : &
2. do. : 50
3. do. : men.
4, 5 and 6. Orıginal : &
7. Original : thier

In fact all swore they would not pay a tax
They wrote Lysander that his generous aid
In their[1] distress — should nee'r have gone unpaid
If foes appear'd to rise against their[2] Lord
He should not want for ought they could afford
Both men and[3] money should assist his cause
Nor would they doubt of gaining his applause
If their[4] gratitude would only try
It might with more than his demand comply
To them alone their[5] power to grant was known
And Liberty they claim'd to give their[6] own
In a free gift—but not by laws enforc't
As of all curses slavery was the worst

To this Lysander in a rage replyd
And is my Claim by you to be deny'd
If peaceful words my purpose can't attain
My strength I'll try and[7] waft it o'er the main
Unus'd to threats the sword my right shall prove
If this last message don't your purpose move
When this news came the Tenants all conven'd
And scarse agreed new what Lysander mean'd[2]
Some thought he only said it for a joke
While some foretold he would impose the yoke
Of sway despotic o'er their flowery vales
Which would approach them soon on flowing sails

And also counsel'd to oppose their[8] might
To him who dar'd to rob them of their[9] right
Even if Lysander came in hostile mood
To bar his landing with their[10] dearest blood

1 and 2. Original : thier
3. do. : &
4 and 6. do. : thier
7. do. : &
8 and 9. do. : thier

For this unanimous all gave consent
No tax they cry'd we pay our lawful rent
Whate'er a grateful breast would kind bestow
Should from itself but not compulsion flow
The dust alone now claim'ed the Tenant care
Who now assum'd the warriours martial air

The plough the harrow here neglected lie
Sling twist in air and[1] stones excelling fly
The useful ditches half-fill'd up appear
Their[2] turfy heaps the coasting ramparts rear
The sparkling lance now glitters in the field
Employs those hands which want[3] the schyth to wield
All are in motion wars harsh art to learn
To learn it now as pressing dangers warn.
Lysander soon the foamy ocean bore
With twice five vessels to Hibernia's shore
In which tow hundred men shown in his train
Alas one half of these set sail in vain

The stormy fates withstood their[3] eager way
Five of their[4] number foundered in the load
Their chief himself scarse sav'd to tell the tale
His fortune or his five ships bewail
Arriv'd all shatterd on the Irish strand
With five tore vessels under his command
Awhile he waited to repair the storm
His state consider and[5] himself inform-
Meantime the warriors saw the hostile prows
All were alarm'd because[6] they knew them foes

1. Original : &
2. do. : thier
3 and 4. do. : thier
5. do. : &
6. do. : cause

In firm array they marchd towards the beach
Before the Invader could the ramparts reach
Who now began his feather'd darts to pour
To gall the tenants with a deadly shower
But they behind the turfy ramparts lay
Resolving soon a bolder game to play
Lysander now advancing very near
It is troops in motion landing all appear
They hail the shore and[1] boldly march along
Chear'd by their pipe and[2] by their[3] warlike song
Now like a Lyon[4] rushing on his pray
Out spring the Tenants force a bloody way

Thro's the stern ranks that durst their[5] rage oppose
Here every breast with native freedom glows
Their[6] flaming swords few eyes could well endure
Wheree'er they wounded Death still followed sure

The Battle burn'd with more than mortal rage
In closer combat ne'er foes did engage
Long fortune hover'd on Lysander's side
But now to him adverse she turn'd the tide
Thro's his troop hands the dart now lazy ships
Dismay'd they seem and[7] turn towards their[8] slips
They fly confus'd their[9] chief too joins the flight
Nothing could save them but approaching Night

---

1 and 2. Original : &
3. do. : thier
4. do. : sic.
5 and 6. do. : thier
7. do. : &
8. do. : thier

Britons, apply this tale to present case
You'll find that peace ought still to hold a place
With friends at least—Dread Civil dangers past
My muse laments that they appear to last
Throughout the Main
From Shore to Shore
Th' Atlantick[1] O'er
May Peace, May Plenty reign

Wrote on leaving the Island of Grenada
April 15th, 1779

—1—

From where Aurora apes the dawn of day
Ye dormant breezes now collected rise
And kind the Jolly Boatswain's voice obey
Who like a home-bound Sailer eager crys[2]

—2—

From foreign shores oh waft us friendly Gales
To where the Sons of freedon joyful stay
Till up we gladly spread our flowing sails
And from Grenada haste to bear away.

—3—

Scarse askt when granted was the Seaman's prayer
Unbound the floating fleet in order rises
With full blown sheets they boldly sail and[1] dare
The haughty foe adverse windsor tides

---

1. Origiaal : sic.
2. do. : do.

—4—

A loaded fleet now from the perjur'd Gauls
Our Sea born Ships of war with care defreeze
Still Britain's Bulwark is her wooden wall
Tis they the Gallick pride will ever bend.

—5—

Safe Safe Ye Breezes fann us o'er the main
May Albion soon sight
Where Plenty—Freedom smiling ever rign
By rocks secur'd and[1] bliss her hardy crew

—6—

Far from the Land where freedom cannot smile
My happier lot conveys me fast away
Where the sad Negroe bends beneath his tail
Who ne'er is blist with one poor chearful day

—7—

Debar'd to taste of the sweets his labor brings
To dearest social joys his breast estrang'd
In wretched misery his hands he wrings
Lamenting still his fate severely chang'd

—8—

Perhaps a Prince—Perhaps a lover crown'd
With all that risches[2] or a maid could grant
Beneath the lash recieves full many a wound
Or bound in chains expires in wretched want

—9—

Ye feeling breasts here cast a tender Eye
Here fortune oft severely turns her wheel
Thousands of Slaves in mournful Silence sign
And sigh in vain as none their[3] sorrows feel

1. Original : &
2. do. : sic.
3. do. : thier

—10—

In Afric's wilds tho' savage mortals dwell
Unknown to whom the sympathetic glow
Of Pity, friendship ever cruel sell
Each other deaf to friend's or Parent's woe

—11—

Shall Briton's eleven sons not wipe the victim's tears
Nor give that freedom they themselv's enjoy[1]
Dispel their doubts and[2] banish all their fears
Which every springing bud of Hope destroy

—12—

On free born Sans Dame Nature can bestow
Her flowery stores with liberal hand profuse
But sinks beneath the wretched Negroes hoe
To crown his unpaid labors will refuse

—13—

Oh may some band with smoothest verse prevail
And kind enforce the blissings freedom yields
The wretched Slave will then no more bewail
His present fate nor Afric's sunny fields

—14—

As laborers hir'd but not as slaves compel'd
They chearful would each morn to work repair
Convinc'd that Industry would be upheld
He who toil'd most would reap the greater share

—15—

Welcome to me my Native sea girt Isle
Whose hardy sons from far with chearful[1] brow
In concert seem with the high lark to smile
Some mow the fields while others guide the plough

1. Original : injoy
2. do. : &

—16—

What the few grapes adorn the British vine
What tho' no sprakling mines of Gold are found
Still Liberty and[1] Plenty each intwine
And he that sows of course will reap the ground.

1. Original : &

A Poem wrote August 1st, 1781.

—1—

Far far beneath the chearful[1] light of day
From dreary shades as yet unknown to Song
The fearful Muse attempts to lead the way
To rural scenes forgotten now so long

—2—

Concealed within the Horlop's dismal womb
Where scarce a lamp emits its feeble light
The hard foe eight long months has kept his doom
Nor dar'd till now attempt a higher flight

—3—

No friendly chink there ushers in the morn
No sunny beam attracts the grateful Eyes
Where darkness rigns even Hope appears forlon
Each Genius sickens and[2] ambition dies.

———

—1—

Ah how can Envy from my breast be gone
While harsh distinctions gall my soaring mind
Was it for this I dar'd the torrid Zone
And left my native country far behind
For this did I pore[1] over many a leaf
Or face the fathers at a dreaded hall
Engage to serve my country to my grief
I almost with the devil had them all
When will those chearful[3] nights once more return
That heard the song and[4] saw the glass go round
Their absence I must ever—ever mourn

1. Original : sic.
2. do. : &
3. do. : sic.
4. do. : &

Friendship by mirth and[3] generous wine is crown'd
But ah how chang'd—In darkness now pine

—2—

And curse that hour which led me first astray
To try my fortune in the naval line
Where haughty Tyrants bear a hateful sway
No smile of freedom smooths my furrow'd brow
Oft unreturn'd I make a humble bow
Yet there are evils yet greater still than that
Should fortune dawn—and[4] point a smoother course
By which I might her present frown evade
Detain'd a prisoner like a slave by force
I wail and[4] sicken in this lowly shade
Expose a myrtle to the winters snow
It droops and[5] withers for a warmer soil
Where all its leaves their[6] verdant blossoms show
And ever wear a joyful blooming smile

—3—

I now bebar'd[5] from friendship's genius joys
My heart contracted narrow-selfish grown
Disturbed by filth and[8] stink and[9] jarrying noise
Feels every hope and[10] all my prospects flown
It is not much I ask the fates to give[11]
Three hundred pounds per annum should they grant
Or I would with ease and[12] afluence[13] live
Relieve my friends and[14] purchase every want
A Cott and farm should first my thought engage
Hard by a river—up a winding vale
Well stor'd with trees to check the winters
Or lend their[15] odors to the passing gale

---

1. Original : sic.
2. do. : do.
3. do. : do.
4. do. : do.
5. do. : do.
6. Original : thier.
7. do. : sic.
8. do. : &
9. do. : do.
10. do. : do.
11. Struck off in the original.
12. Original : &
13. do. : sic.
14. do. : &
15. do. : thier.

A little garden stock'd with greens and[1] fruit
Thro' which a brook should roll its peaceful stream
On its banks would many a flow'ret shoot
And ape their[2] beauties to the Morning beam

—4—

The well form'd hives should rear their[3] thatched heads
To court the entrance of each roving bee
Whose constant toil more than abundance sheds
To grace a board - or meliorate the Tea
A groll and bower with twisting Ivys bound
Should grace the scene and[4] form a cool retreat.
Pale sickness stares and[5] horror hangs arround[6]
No breeze refreshing cools the heated air
Friendship and[7] peace fly such detested ground
Poss'sd by discord and[8] corroding care

—5—

How much unlike Parnassus[9] peaceful seat
Where every pleasure courts the tuneful Nine
In vain I sigh — tho' Fortune and[10] Tho' fate
Smil on their[11] verse they seem to frown on mine

—6—

Why did I fly from Scotia's happy shore
Where autumn now unfolds her golden hue
Ye rural pleasures oft enjoyed before
Oh have I fled from happiness and you

—7—

The chearful[12] Cock no more salutes my ear
In vain Aurora sheds her early rays
The Boatswain's pipe is all the sound I hear
And all my light from a pale candle strays

---

1. Original : &
2. do. : thier.
3. do. : do.
4. do. : &
5. Original : &
6. do. : sic.
7. do. : &
8. do. : do.
9. Original : sic.
10. do. : &
11. do. : thier.
12. do. : sic.

—8—

No soaring Lark awakes the tuneful train
No springing flowers emit a sweet perfume
Here noisy throats and[1] hollow murmurs reign
While putrid smells infest the chearles[2] gloom

—9—

Unseen the sun arises from the deep
The golden rays pisplay their shades in vain
No darting ray dispels the clouds of sleep
While unhappy every morn complain

—10—

No chrystal streams in purling rills descend
Thro' flowery fields the early bard to raise
But wind and[3] waves discordant murmurs blend
And harshly taint the muses tender lays

—11—

The Lambkins bleat, fair Flora paints the meads
Woods—Shades and[4] Graves their[5] rural sweets display.
The harvest dance perhaps my Delia leads
While I in darkness pass the chearless[6] day

—12—

Oft with a friend I've trod the dewy lawn
Or bath'd in Fortha's cooling silver stream
Seen the swain smlle—enjoyd the rosy dawn
But now all vanish'd like a faithless dream

—13—

Oftimes the Shepherd's pipe inticed mine ear;
To list attentive to his plaintive tale :
The soothing accents still methinks I hear
Reverse of Fate : his I must now bewail

---

1. Original : &
2. do. : sic.
3. do. : &
4. do. : &
5. do. : thier.
6. do. : sic.

—14—

With Shenstone beneath a willow tree
For many a morn the early hours were past
Now fancy — pleasure — friendship fly from me
And o'er the mind a sable gloom is cast

—15—

A healthy breakfast us'd to crown my board
Milk, bread and[1] butter open'd to the view
In clean array tho' now the fates afford
Nought but molases mix'd with bad burger

—16—

When sickness call'd with hasty steps I flew
No hammocks barr'd nor hatches stop't
But now surrounded by a lousy crew the way
Fearful I move and of times step a stray

—17—

But what most pains the feeling breast to see
The hardy sailors pine for want of food
Opprest by Scurvy—its dire pangs forgo
And silent drop into the briny flood

—18—

Physic applys[3] its healing skill
When far from fields and their[4] produce we roam
Diet alone relieves the sick from pain
Who oft regret their[5] chearful[6] absent home

—19—

In sad remembrance oft they tread those haunts
Where plenty smil'd and health was wont to shine
All bounteous Ceres then supply'd[7] their[8] want
There food and Physic equal aid combine

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1. Original : &
2. do. : do.
3. do. : sic.
4. do. : thier.
5. Original : do.
6. do. : &
7. do. : do.
8. do. : thier.

—20—

No more I see the jocund reapers stoop
No more the dance or rural sings go round
Oh had I been a Shepherd's happy Son
Had fortune plac'd me in his humble cott
Then had I learn'd ambition's path to shun
Nor enoy'd riches oft too dearly bought

—21—

Curst[1] thirst of Gold—how many wear thy chain
For thee How many dare the raging sea
How few thy favors[2] ever can obtain
Th'o much they suffer or Complain like me

—22—

Where fled that time when with a friend I spent
The Sultry hours in studys pleasing toil
My cares were few and[1] blist with calm content
Shades, woods and[2] groves around me seem'd to smile

—23—

My friends are gone—my peace for ever fled
In search of woe, perhaps I crosst the Seas
Tyrannic laws their[3] balefull[4] influence shed
Fortune dreadful frowns wheree'er I go[5]

—24—

When hunger coll'd my dinner soon appear'd
No roaring Throat or Pipe proclaim'd ye time
I envy'd none and who could envy mine
Simple my fare and clean it always chear'd

1. Original : &
2. do. : do.
3. do, : do.
4. do. : thier.
5. do, : sic.

—25—

Milk, Porter, beer I always could supply
Nor would I a glass of wine deny
To quench my thirst and please a friend
Nor ought my fortune could extend

—26—

Salt, Beef and pork are all the daintys[1] here
Sometimes attended with a mess of Pease[2]
Water is scarse and[3] not a drop of Beer
A gloomy cockpit table ever sees
Be smooth ye Seas, hush hush ye winds,
Nor war when Peace prevails
Let gentlest Breezes waft my Friends
When their[4] Ship spreads her Sails.
Fear not Lucinda, trust the Main.
Nor doubt its frowning wave.
For Storms re'ent at Beauties' Pain,
And Fate will virtue save.
Nay gathering Clouds—too well you know,
Severer woes can't plan
Then such as oft unpitied flow
From smooth deceitful man

1. Original : sic.
2. do. : do.
3. do. : &
4. do. : thier